The Outlook

Vol. 75 November 21, 1903 No. 12

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

Congress and Cuba 667
The Republic of Panama 668
The Protest of Colombia 669
The Revolution in San Domingo 669
Russia and China 670
The Armenian Church in Russia 670
The Russianizing of Transcaucasia 671
The London Street Boy 672
The Sayings of Jesus 672
A Conference of Religion 673
A Conference on the Race Problem 674
Street Casualties in New York 674
A Great Citizen—Andrew H. Green 675
The Chicago Strike 675
Christians Governing under the Sultan .. 676

EDITORIALS:

Information Wanted 676
The Anarchist Exclusion Law 678
Working Overtime 679
To a Young Minister 680
The Spectator 682

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The New Speaker 684
By Francis E. Leupp
From Sweatshop to Factory 688
By Ernest Poole
The Modern Crusade Against Consumption 691
By Irving Fisher
The Women of America: The Southern Woman and Reconstruction 697
By Elizabeth McCracken
Undigested Securities in Education 704
By John Trowbridge

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

The Cambridge Modern History (Acton) .. 705
Books of the Week 706
CORRESPONDENCE 712

The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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The Laundry Class.

In many of the schools of domestic science, laundry work is now taught in a thorough and scientific manner. In the laundry classroom, Ivory Soap is always used to wash the articles that require special care, and it is frequently used to the exclusion of all other soaps. It is as important to know the best materials for domestic use as to know the best methods for using them, and Ivory Soap is very generally recognized by those who have carefully investigated the subject as the safest and purest soap.

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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Congress and Cuba

The special session of Congress (called by President Roosevelt to complete the agreement between the United States and Cuba embodied in a treaty which has already passed the Senate and has been ratified by Cuba) convened on Monday of last week. The only matter of real interest in the organization of the Congress was the election of the new Speaker, the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, and this was a foregone conclusion. A sketch and estimate of the new Speaker, written by Mr. Francis E. Leupp, one of the oldest and ablest of the Washington newspaper correspondents, will be found on another page in this issue. The President's Message related solely to the Cuban treaty, and, although it necessarily went over ground already traversed in previous Messages, it was notable for its clear, direct, and positive statement of the case. The President declares that the proposed legislation is required "not only by our interest but our honor;" that the demand for the acceptance by Cuba of the Platt Amendment committed the United States "to the policy of treating Cuba as occupying a unique position as regards this country." He asserts that Cuba has made great progress since her independence; that the treaty secures to the United States economic advantages as great as those given to Cuba, to say nothing of strategic advantages; and that we should not be short-sighted enough to force Cuba, by our refusal to deal fairly with her, into making arrangements with other countries to our disadvantage. In short, he says of the treaty, "It will do harm to no industry, it will benefit many industries." He adds:

> Finally, it is desirable as a guarantee of the good faith of our Nation toward her young sister republic to the south, whose welfare must ever be closely bound with ours. We gave her liberty. We are knit to her by the memories of the blood and the courage of our soldiers who fought for her in war; by the memories of the wisdom and integrity of our administrators who served her in peace and who started her so well on the difficult path of self-government. We must help her onward and upward; and in helping her we shall help ourselves.

It is gratifying to record the general belief that the House of Representatives will meet the President's views on this question. The bill which has been introduced and reported to the House by the Ways and Means Committee contains a clause providing that "nothing herein contained shall be held or construed as an admission on the part of the House of Representatives that customs duties can be changed otherwise than by an act of Congress, originating in said House." This safeguards the right of the House to have a voice in any agreement with a foreign country which affects tariff matters; and it is believed that this of late has been the controlling element in the opposition to the treaty. Only two Democrats in the Committee voted against a favorable report—Mr. Robertson, of Louisiana, and Mr. Cooper, of Texas. Undoubtedly the minority in the House will offer amendments to the bill, but serious opposition or crippling amendment is not expected as we write; indeed, it is quite probable that the bill may become law before these words are read.——Opposition to the promotion of Brigadier-General Leonard Wood to the rank of Major-General has appeared in the Senate, and, at the desire of Senator Teller and Senator Hanna, the nomination has gone over until the subject has been considered by the appropriate committee. It is stated that Senator Teller wishes to have the charges with regard to General Wood's conduct lately made in the

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newspapers examined, while Senator Hanna is actuated by what he believes to have been the injustice done to Mr. Rathbone in connection with the Cuban postal frauds. Mr. Robert Shaw Oliver has been confirmed as Assistant Secretary of War, and some minor nominations have taken the same course.——Undoubtedly the relations of this country to the new Republic of Panama and to Colombia will be brought before Congress in one form or another, and the Republicans have taken the lead by calling upon the President for such papers and information as may properly now be laid before Congress. It is understood that this action has been taken at the request of the President.

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The Republic of Panama

The formal recognition of the independence of the new Republic of Panama by the United States took place on Friday of last week, when Secretary Hay presented to President Roosevelt Mr. Bunau-Varilla as the accredited Minister from Panama. The exchange of addresses between the President and the Minister followed the usual complimentary precedents for such occasions; Mr. Roosevelt expressed his hope that Panama, as an independent nation, republican in form and spirit, able and resolved to discharge the obligations of sovereignty, would prove "the providential instrument of untold benefit to the civilized world through the opening of a highway of universal commerce across its exceptionally favored territory." So far the independence of Panama has been acknowledged by no nation except the United States. England, France, and perhaps other countries have expressed their willingness to deal with the *de facto* government on the Isthmus, but have reserved their decision as to acknowledging the independence and nationality of the new republic. France, through its Minister at Washington, has intimated that a preliminary to such recognition would be full assurance that the rights of the French Panama Company would be observed. Great Britain, in a formal statement given out from the Foreign Office, declares that no request has yet been received for the recognition of the independence of Panama, and adds: "Even if the request is made, it could scarcely be granted until the new Panama government is established on a basis which international precedent recognizes as justifying such recognition." The news from Colombia continues to be slight, vague, and not to be relied upon. The United States Government seems firmly fixed in the determination that no troops from Colombia shall be allowed to land anywhere in the vicinity of the railway or canal route, and, practically, this means that no Colombian troops will be permitted to land on the Isthmus. At Washington reports that forces are being marched by land from Buenaventura, a Colombian port, or from the capital, Bogota, are scouted as extremely improbable; the nature of the mountainous country makes such a march excessively difficult, if not impossible. It was reported last week that British steamships declined to carry Colombian troops to the Isthmus. It was reported that our Government at first issued orders to our naval vessels not to permit Colombian troops to embark at their own ports, but if such an order was given, it was almost immediately withdrawn, and on its face involved an untenable position. There seems to be no doubt that rioting has taken place in Bogota, and there is a strong probability that a revolutionary movement is going on there. Colombia is always, so to speak, simmering on the verge of revolution, and the disgust of the people not connected with the actual government at the folly and probable venality of that Government in refusing to accept or offer reasonable proposals for a Canal treaty is almost certainly at the bottom of the disturbances now going on. The situation of the United States Minister at Bogota, Mr. Beaupré, is such as to cause some anxiety; the last heard from him was under date of November 12, when he reported that a revolution seemed imminent and that he was somewhat concerned for his own safety. The report that the United States was to send a detachment of the army to the Isthmus

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is denied. The force which can be landed there from our war-ships is sufficient, under the circumstances, to control affairs at the Isthmus. It is hardly probable that it will become necessary to rescue our Minister at Bogota by force.

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The Protest of Colombia

As we are going to press, the papers report a protest of the President of Colombia addressed to the President of the Senate of the United States. As it presents officially the position of Colombia, we give it to our readers in full:

To His Excellency the President of the Senate, Washington:

Excellency—The Government and people of Colombia have been painfully surprised at the notification given by the Minister of the United States to the effect that the Government at Washington has hastened to recognize the government consequent upon a barracks *coup* in the Department of Panama. The bonds of sincere and uninterrupted friendship which unite the two Governments and the two peoples; the solemn obligation undertaken by the American Union in a public treaty to guarantee the sovereignty and property of Colombia in the Isthmus of Panama; the protection which the citizens of that country enjoy and will continue to enjoy among us; the traditional principles of the American Government in opposition to secession movements; the good faith which has characterized that great people in its international relations; the manner in which the revolution was brought about and the precipitancy of its recognition, make the Government and people of Colombia hope that the Senate of the people of the United States will admit their obligation to assist us in maintaining the integrity of our territory and in repressing that insurrection which is not even the result of a popular feeling. In thus demanding justice, Colombia appeals to the dignity and honor of the American Senate and people.

(Signed) MARROQUIN.

In disregarding the law of intercourse among civilized nations, ignoring the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and appealing directly to the Senate, against the Chief Executive, President Marroquin misinterprets the spirit of the American people. The United States is not a Spanish-American Republic, and will resent the notion that a foreign power can appeal from the action of the Executive to another department of the Government. We somewhat doubt whether the President of the Senate will take any official cognizance of such a document. It will not even be as effectual partisan ammunition as it might have been if properly addressed to the people of the United States through the Chief Executive. As to the facts stated in this document, a revolution which apparently had the sanction of the entire people of Panama, without, so far as is known, any considerable minority in opposition, is no "barracks *coup*." The rejection of the Panama Canal treaty by Colombia was the last straw that broke the camel's back. The relations between Panama and Colombia had long been strained. If the United States had turned to Nicaragua, that would have involved the bankruptcy and commercial death of Panama, whose life depends on making her territory the highway for interoceanic commerce. The appeal of President Marroquin is really little better than the appeal of a disappointed and defeated blackmailing government, whose scheme for personal and private profit not only threatened with death a State which it was bound to protect, but also thwarted the purpose of the civilized world to build a great highway, only that by these threats it might extort from the promoters of the enterprise a heavier toll. The answer to this outcry of defeated greed is to be found in the declaration contained in the message which President Roosevelt drafted last October, in which he is reported to have said that "this Nation does not desire to be unreasonable or impatient, but it cannot, and will not, permit any body of men permanently to obstruct one of the great world highways of traffic . . . exactly as under the law of eminent domain we refuse to permit the building of a railroad to be interfered with by any little group of greedy or unreasonable private individuals."

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The Revolution in San Domingo

None of the small republics in the southern part of this hemisphere has been more subject to spasmodic and apparently causeless revolutions than that of San Domingo. The mutual jealousy of individual leaders, and political

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intrigue incited by cupidity and ambition, have been the prevailing causes, and we see no reason to doubt that this is true of the present disturbance. Conflicting reports reach this country of the outcome. One day we are told that the revolutionists are in full possession of the city of San Domingo, and that resistance has nearly ceased. The next day we are told that President Woz y Gil has prevailed and that "the revolution is considered at an end." As we write it appears probable that the attacks on the capital, San Domingo, have so far been in vain, although despatches received on Monday of this week say that there has been heavy cannonading before the city of San Domingo. The United States cruiser Baltimore has arrived there. General Jiménez, the leader of the insurgents, is in Hayti. There has been some danger of international complications because of the attempt of the Government to close its ports. The commanders of merchant vessels are inclined to consider these blockades as farcical. An American merchant ship, the Cherokee, was forbidden to enter Dominican ports, but returned to this country after having entered three or four during a hide-and-seek game with a Dominican man-of-war. Passengers on this vessel declared that in San Domingo there is no animosity to Americans, but, on the contrary, a strong sentiment in favor of an American protectorate over the republic. Whether we want to assume any more protectorates, and whether, even if we do not want to, humanity requires that we should, are other questions. There is no doubt that the wretched financial condition of the country has much to do with the present disturbance. Americans who have visited the country lately assert that General Woz y Gil has been a liberal and able President, and that the leaders of the insurrection were able to foment disturbance because of the fact that there are many thousands of men unemployed and suffering privation. The United States Minister in San Domingo reports that at last the Dominican Government has agreed to arbitrate its dispute with the San Domingo Improvement Company, an American corporation which for years practically financed the Government under a contract, collecting the taxes and making certain public improvements.

❀

Russia and China Last week there were new evidences of Russian commercial and political aggression in China. Despite promises, now five years old, of a similar concession to England, Russia has obtained a railway concession in the Yellow River region, and the Franco-Belgians (for which read Russians) another. The Peking-Hankau railway—formerly a British concession—was handed over to its present owners in 1900, the year of the Boxer atrocities. Thus Russia now owns or controls most of the railway franchises in North China. In Manchuria, whether Russia withdraws her troops or not, she has the right to guard her railway line from Port Arthur and Niuchuang via Mukden to Siberia. According to the Osaka (Japan) "Asahi," she now seeks to obtain the right to establish "landing-places" and "wharves" along the Sungari, and to post her troops on the main and branch streams of that river under the pretext of protecting navigation. The Sungari River is a waterway from central Manchuria, emptying into the Amur. As it is a main route of communication between Manchuria and Siberia, all the principal cities of the northern part of the province are located on the banks of the Sungari or its tributaries. By this demand "Russia would establish her occupation over Manchuria forever." According to the "North China Herald," Russia has twenty "landing-places" along the Sungari. As these are in active operation, the occupation would seem to be substantially begun. Yet whatever right she has to such navigation is really in equity shared equally by the other Powers if they choose to exercise their right. Russia's present proposal, we believe, is simply an attempt to defeat any raising of this point by anticipating it.

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The Armenian Church in Russia The recent confiscation of the endowments and property of the Armenian Church in Russia, we now learn, was made under the charge

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that these funds were also being used to propagate revolution, not alone in Turkey and the Balkans, but also in Russia itself. The Russian Government, therefore, has taken charge of the administration of the funds, with the announcement that they are henceforth to be subjected to State control and restricted to the objects for which they were really designed, thus putting a stop to any misuse for political purposes. This confiscation of church property has called out popular demonstrations among the Armenians in such important cities as Baku, Tiflis, Erivan, and Alexandropol, accompanied in several cases with bloodshed and assassination. In Alexandropol all places of business were closed and the street was hung with black. In Erivan several thousand Armenians, taking with them their archbishop, marched in procession to the neighboring monastery of Etchmiadzin, sixteen hundred years old, and constituting the residence of the head of the Armenian Church. Chrimian, the present head of the Armenian Church, is an aged prelate who has long lived in this monastery at the foot of Mount Ararat, but who now purposes to go to St. Petersburg to remonstrate with the Czar, if that monarch will grant him an interview. Chrimian and his clergy in council have decided not voluntarily to surrender their property. The Armenians are tenaciously attached to their own communion, and for centuries have stubbornly resisted any pressure put upon them by the Russian Government to make them conform to the State Church. Furthermore, as the society known as "The Friends of Armenia" has already reported in its timely protest, the Church has maintained hundreds of private schools in Russia in which Armenian children were educated in accordance with the ideas of their parents. A few years ago the Government took forcible possession of all these schools, put in Russian teachers, and claimed the right to dictate the curriculum. It also confiscated all the property that stood in the name of the schools. As part of this property used for school purposes stood in the name of the Church, however, it was out of reach. The school expenses had been partly met by annual contributions from rich Armenians, but when the schools were Russianized the voluntary contributions declined, and the Government found itself confronted with an annual deficit in the school fund. This, we think, was the real reason, and not the pretext of political misuse of Church funds, which led the Russian Government to seize all the property of the Armenian Church throughout the Empire.

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The Russianizing of Transcaucasia

The Russian Government acted consistently in this recent example of autocracy, for it had previously done exactly the same with the Georgian Church. The result then was that only those of the clergy were paid salaries who would encourage their parishioners to leave the Georgian Church for the Orthodox faith. On the other hand, all the clergy who were faithful to their own denomination were dismissed. Hence the Georgian Church has now practically ceased to exist, and the Armenians believe that the Government means to pursue the same course with their own communion. The Armenians have cause for their conjecture that their Church may meet the fate of the Georgian Church, if one may judge by what has recently happened in Transcaucasia, where the population is largely Armenian. First, Armenians have been almost wholly excluded from Government offices. Secondly, the Government has been sending colonies of Orthodox Russians there and settling them in such a manner as to crowd out the original peasantry. Those peasants, however, who are willing to turn to the Orthodox Church are not only not deprived of their land, but are given additional grants of Government territory. Thirdly, according to the "Friends'" report, the Government has suppressed all Armenian benevolent and philanthropic societies and has subjected Armenian newspapers to the most rigid censorship. It has even closed some of the public libraries, including that of the Armenian Philanthropic Society at Baku, the largest library in the Caucasus, which, we are told, was used by

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all nationalities and had been of signal benefit to the city. Finally, the Government has been discouraging Armenian commercial and manufacturing enterprises, laying special restrictions upon them, yet, on the other hand, offering great advantages to their competitors. The Russianizing of Transcaucasia would thus appear to be no less thorough than the Russianizing of Finland. Imperial guarantees to the people of both provinces have been broken. To Finland constitutional liberty had been assured by Czar after Czar, while to the Armenians in the Caucasus religious liberty had been assured by a constitution granted to the Armenian Church, guaranteeing to that Church the right to administer its own revenues and to conduct its own schools.

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The London Street Boy

The street boy in London has a hard time, and the police judges have a hard time in dealing with him. The English Prison Commission has just unearthed some remarkable examples which show to what lengths judicial absurdity may go in dealing with a young offender. In one case a boy was found to have undergone imprisonment thirty times and to have been the subject of forty-one convictions. These convictions all occurred in a period of four and a half years, from October 10, 1898, to February 6, 1903. What did this boy do? The table of these forty-one convictions, which lies before us, shows that he was convicted thirteen times for playing cards in the street, eighteen times for playing "pitch and toss," twice for refusing to move on, once for sleeping out, once for willful damage to trees, three times for stealing pigeons, and twice for playing football in the street. Thus it will be seen that out of the forty-one convictions only three were for stealing in any form. These were all for stealing pigeons on the same day, October 10, 1898, when the boy began his career as a lawbreaker, and the probability is that he did not know that free pigeons were private property. All the other offenses, except that of sleeping out on a hot July night, were in the nature of street play, thoughtless damage to trees, and a disinclination to change his environment by "refusing to move on" at the dictation of a policeman. Now, what was done with this boy? He was fined forty times, in sums varying from one shilling to forty. Six times the fine was paid, thirty times the boy went to prison because he could not pay it, and for three convictions he paid part of the fine and served the rest in prison. For his offense of sleeping out the magistrate was content to caution him. This is not an isolated case. In the last year 1,024 boys and 29 girls over twelve and under sixteen years of age were convicted, and the number of those convicted between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one was 16,188. A great majority of these convictions were for trivial offenses. The Governor of Newcastle Prison reports a large increase of committals of male juvenile offenders from fourteen to fifteen years of age. Seventy-five out of one hundred and four of these boys had not been previously convicted, and the Governor says: "I cannot but deplore the fact that there was no other means of dealing with them than by sending them to prison, and that, with perhaps a half-dozen exceptions, simply in default of paying a small fine." It is not surprising, therefore, that in a recent number of the London "Times" the veteran prison reformer, William Tallack, should call attention to juvenile courts as now established in this country and to the probation system which accompanies them, and also to the system of "placing out" adopted so successfully in Michigan and some other States.

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The Sayings of Jesus

Last week, at the general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund in London, Dr. Bernard Grenfell gave interesting details concerning a new "find" of papyri, buried since the second century, a hundred miles south of Cairo. Most of the documents from one mound consisted of a collection purporting to be sayings of Jesus. They are all introduced with the words, "Jesus saith," and for the most part are new. The ends of the lines, unfortunately, are often obliterated. Apparently all the sayings were

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addressed to St. Thomas, and, according to Dr. Grenfell, formed the missing gospel traditionally associated with that saint's name. One of the most remarkable of the sayings is: "Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering, he shall reach the kingdom, and when he reaches the kingdom he shall have rest." Interest will be specially aroused by these discoveries on account of the variations from accepted texts. For instance, the variant of the saying recorded in St. Luke, "The kingdom of God is within you," appears in quite different surroundings from those attributed to it by the evangelist. A variation of Luke xi. 52 is: "Ye have hidden the key of knowledge; ye entered not yourselves, and to them that were entering in ye did not open." Another fragment contains an alleged discourse of Christ closely related to passages of the Sermon on the Mount, and a conversation between Christ and his disciples. Another valuable "find" at the same place was that of papyri, written in Latin, giving the text of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and an epitome of Livy's six lost books. Still other papyri throw valuable information on history, customs, and manners. An instance is that of a contract whereby a boy was to be taught shorthand for 120 drachmæ. The payment was arranged on a businesslike basis, 40 drachmæ down, 40 on satisfactory evidence of progress, and 40 on the attainment of proficiency. From the telegraph account, on which we depend for this paragraph, it is impossible to form any trustworthy estimate of the value of these papyri, but we do not think they really add anything to the reports of the teaching of Jesus Christ contained in the Gospels.

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A Conference of Religion

The fourth annual meeting of the New York State Conference of Religion drew a gratifying attendance at Ithaca, November 12 and 13. Its salient feature was the interest with which Cornell professors entered into its discussions. The main affirmations on which these proceeded are: (1) the unity of the religious spirit underlying all diversity of outward form; (2) the supremacy of the moral interests of religion; (3) the obligation of all religious men to co-operate to secure those interests, especially when widely threatened, as at present. On the first of these points Dr. R. Heber Newton read a paper on "Religion and Religions." Saints, he said, are of one blood, akin the world over. Robert Erskine Ely, of New York, discussed "The Socializing of Religion," saying that the present need was for each individual to socialize himself. Professor Sanders, of Yale, speaking of "The Bible in Modern Life," affirmed that it was not the Bible but its interpreters that had got out of touch with the age. Professor Lee, of Cornell, thought that the university could do no greater service than to establish a chair of the English Bible. He knew of no professor of English literature who gave a course in the literature of the Bible. The Rev. A. W. Wishart, of Trenton, N. J., spoke pointedly on "Civic Duties and Biblical Ideals," affirming that it is no easier now than in the days of Jesus to preach the whole gospel of social religion. Rabbi Harris, of New York, declared that society in the city was now so near paganism that we must desire a revival of Puritanism with its passion for righteousness. The Conference opened with an admirable paper by Dr. Harris on "The Religion of an Educated Man," and closed with three addresses on "The Religious Development of the Republic," by the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Dr. Walter Laidlaw, and Professor William N. Clarke. The proceedings will in due time be published, as in preceding years, and can be obtained by addressing the Secretary, the Rev. Owen R. Lovejoy, Mount Vernon, N. Y. It was a significant coincidence that within two squares' distance from these proceedings Governor Odell was pronouncing the address at the unveiling of the tablet which commemorates the expedition of Sullivan's brigade along the shore of Cayuga Lake, which broke the power of the Iroquois in 1779. The clash of arms, said the Governor, had made way for the nobler method of arbitration, the greatest contribution of our country to the world,

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the outgrowth of education and the spirit of religion.

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The Washington Conference on the Race Problem

The National Sociological Society is the rather pretentious name of a new organization conducted by negroes, with the co-operation of white men, to consider the race problem. Its Conference was held last week at Washington. The two addresses that attracted popular attention were delivered by white men. That by the Rev. Dr. Dean Richmond Babbitt, of Brooklyn, New York, dealt with the psychology of race prejudice. He traced the rise of mob violence to the outburst of unconscious and subconscious savage traits. The address by the Rev. A. S. Crapsey, of Rochester, was an impassioned appeal to the negroes to be self-assertive, and even to imitate the predatory instincts of the Anglo-Saxons. He ironically prophesied that the negroes might one day be capable of stealing an island, an isthmus, or even a continent. He identified the possession of the ballot with manhood, and then urged manhood on his hearers. Both of these addresses received great applause. More significant, however, than either of these speeches were the more obscure discussions. In them the emphasis was laid on the importance of the suffrage. The resolutions, however, which were adopted after much rather incoherent debate, were more inclusive than the discussions, and laid equal emphasis on other modes of advancement, such as education, industry, and investigation. The Conference called upon Congress to appoint a commission to study the condition of the colored people in the United States. The audiences, both at the public meetings and at the smaller sessions for discussion, were composed almost wholly of colored people from Washington and the vicinity, but the influence of white men in the Conference was conspicuous. As Dr. Booker Washington, who made a brief informal address, said, this organization is attempting to do what no other organization is doing; but it is also true that "no one organization, no one institution, no one individual, can represent all the interests of the race."

Street Casualties in New York

The New York "Evening Post" reports that an examination of the official records shows that during the two weeks ending November 9 one hundred and twenty-five street accidents were reported at police headquarters in this city. Last year the number of such accidents, many of them fatal, was in the neighborhood of five hundred and sixty, or almost two a day for the working days of the year. This is a sinister record, and suggests that New York is shockingly indifferent to the loss of human life, and that the time has come to look rigidly into the causes and to remove them. Such accidents probably do not happen in New York more frequently than in other large cities, in proportion to population; but New York is crowded, its streets are congested, and the chances of accident are great. Most of these accidents are due everywhere to incompetency or carelessness. Many of the trolley-car accidents are caused by the recklessness with which people, especially children, rush in front of the cars when it is too late for the motorman to stop. Many more accidents are due, however, to the carelessness of the drivers of vehicles. As a matter of fact, a considerable part of the business wagons of New York are driven by boys who have only a rudimentary knowledge of driving and in their ignorance take risks which no experienced driver would for a moment think of taking. There is a city ordinance which provides that no person under sixteen years of age shall have charge of any vehicle, and that every cab-driver must be at least eighteen years old. This ordinance is constantly violated, and the streets are full of grocery wagons, butchers' carts, and other vehicles devoted to business purposes, driven by boys with reckless disregard of the safety of pedestrians. That some accidents will occur is, of course, inevitable; but that one hundred and twenty-five, many of them fatal, should be reported in two weeks shows a state of affairs which is inexcusable from every point of view. Liberty does not consist simply in having your own way; it consists also in having your way so pro-

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tected that you can pursue it with a fair degree of safety and comfort.

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A Great Citizen The tragic death of Mr. Andrew H. Green at the hands of a negro lunatic in front of his own home on Madison Avenue, in this city, is of interest to the whole country; for, although Mr. Green's activities were confined largely to the city of New York, his services as a citizen were so conspicuous that he had become in later years not only the "Father of Greater New York," but a high type of American character. A New Englander by birth, an active patriot by the example of his ancestors, educated in a New England academy, Mr. Green came to New York at an early age, and, after several years of employment in a prominent business house, and a year devoted to travel in the West Indies, which e lucated him to render great assistance in the development of Central Park, he studied law and became associated in practice with Mr. Samuel J. Tilden. He entered public life at an early age as a member of the Board of Education, and his first public acts were bold criticisms of municipal extravagance and corruption. While still President of the Board of Education Mr. Green was made Commissioner of Central Park, and rendered services of such conspicuous ability and integrity that the Legislature conferred upon the Park Commission very extensive powers over improvements in the upper part of New York City. Many elaborate reports on all these subjects, with plans and suggestions, were made by Mr. Green, and the present system of boulevards and of Riverside and Morningside Parks are among the works which he suggested. These plans included the erection of such buildings as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History, and institutions of similar character in connection with Central Park. In all this work Mr. Green rigidly applied the principle of Civil Service Reform. When the fight against the Tweed Ring was undertaken in New York City in 1871, Mr. Green was made Deputy Comptroller, and in the same year became head of the Finance Department. During that critical period Mr. Green's character, credit, and force tided over a crisis which otherwise would have fallen heavily upon public employees in every department. His scrutiny of all claims against the city was rigid, and secured him many enemies, while in every division of his department he instituted important administrative reforms. Later he served as Park Commissioner, Commissioner to revise the tax laws, member of the Niagara Park Commission, President of the Commission for Greater New York; and his energy and influence in securing city consolidation were so effective that after it had been carried out he was called the "Father of Greater New York," and five years ago a gold medal was formally presented to him at City Hall in celebration of municipal consolidation. Intensely occupied all his life with both public and private business, with keen interests in literature and art and a broad fund of intelligence, Mr. Green was dreaded by his enemies and loved of his friends. New York has never known a more faithful or capable citizen.

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The Car Employees' Strike in Chicago When it is considered that three thousand employees of the Chicago Street Railway are upon strike, and when the usual course of such strikes is taken into account, it must be admitted that the situation in Chicago has so far been remarkably free from violence. It is even noted in some of the despatches that union men rode upon the cars and exercised their influence to prevent violence. It is true that there were cases of assault upon non-union men who were attempting to operate the cars, but so far there seems to have been no serious riot, while cars under non-union conductors and motormen have been operated by all lines and in some divisions the regular service has been maintained. The striking employees through their unions have more than once offered to submit the questions at issue to the decision of the State Board of Arbitration. The company has declined the proposition, and the indications are, as we write, that the

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struggle will be a protracted one and that it may draw in other unions. The United States mail cars have not been molested, and United States troops have therefore not been called upon. The causes of the strike are to be found in a demand for a small increase in wages for motormen and conductors, in the agitation of the unions for the exclusion of non-union employees, and in the further request that questions at issue between the union and the employees should be submitted to arbitration. The position of the company is that the demands for increased pay are unreasonable, as the men are now receiving higher wages than street railway employees in other large cities, and that the wage question was one that might properly be submitted to arbitration, but that the company would not submit to arbitration the demand for a "closed shop system." We think the company is right in refusing to submit that question to arbitration, for in so doing it would submit the right of a non-union man to labor.

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Christians Governing under the Sultan

Chekib Bey, Turkish Minister at Washington, writing to The Outlook, confirms our supposition that the Governor of the Lebanon is always a Christian, and that there have been and are to-day a number of Christian officials in the Sultan's service as Councilors of State, Governors, Ministers, Ambassadors, and Cabinet officials. The Lebanon is known as a "privileged province," since it is governed by a "Mutessarif" or Christian. Macedonia ought to be another "privileged province." Short of this there will be no permanent peace among the people, mostly Christian as they are. If the Sultan had no other objection to this plan, however, he would shrink from reuniting into one increasingly autonomous province the vilayets or districts which made the ancient Macedonia. His empire is constructed on the principle of "divide in order to govern." Meanwhile he has not yet formally replied to the new Russo-Austrian demands—the most drastic yet—though the proposals were made a month ago.

Information Wanted

The Outlook agrees with the Springfield "Republican," which is a vigorous opponent of the course of the Administration in Panama, in its statement that "it is not altogether desirable that the Democrats in Congress should make the Panama imbroglio a party issue, however much it may be the duty of the opposition to criticise those acts of the Government which challenge scrutiny. What the country should have is the benefit of the honest criticism of all men in Congress who, regardless of party, are unable to approve the President's proceedings." But it should have more than this. It is easy to criticise; it is difficult to construct. The country should have definite information from those who are opposed to the course of the Government, whether in Congress or out of it, whether Republican or Democratic, stating what the Administration should have done, and what it should now do. We specify:

After the failure of Colombia to accept our terms for building an interoceanic canal across the Isthmus of Panama, the people of Panama began to plan a revolution for the purpose of securing their independence of Colombia. Undoubtedly the Government of the United States was aware of this fact; for newspapers in the United States which had certainly no better means of information than the Government informed their readers that such was the case. Ought the United States Government to have informed Colombia that such a revolution was impending? We think not. To have done so would have been an act of impertinence toward Colombia and an act of injustice toward Panama.

When the insurrection of the people of Panama broke out against the Colombian Government, the United States landed some marines at Colon to protect American interests, and withdrew them again as soon as, in the judgment of American officials at the spot, American interests were sufficiently protected. Ought the Government to have done this? We think it ought.

The Colombian troops withdrew from Panama, and both the termini of the

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Panama Railroad were left in the hands of the revolutionists. Thereupon our Government notified the officers of the *de facto* government that the United States would look to it for whatever action was necessary to protect the persons and property of citizens of the United States, and to keep open the Isthmian transit. Ought the United States Government to have left the persons and property of the United States and the Isthmian transit unprotected? And if so, for how long a time? We think it ought not to have left them unprotected for an hour; that as soon as the one government had withdrawn, and the other, though a provisional government, was in occupation of the termini of the railroad, the United States Government should have dealt with that provisional government.

There being rumors that the Colombian Government intended to land troops on the soil of Panama, and commence military proceedings to reassert its authority, proceedings which would inevitably have endangered the unobstructed transit across the Panama railroad, the United States Government gave notice that such landing would not be permitted. Ought the United States Government to have allowed the Colombian government to attempt to reassert its sovereignty by force of arms? The peril to the railroad could be averted only in one of two ways: either by landing United States troops for its protection, and allowing the civil war to go on, or by refusing to allow Colombia to make any attempt to conquer Panama after her troops had been withdrawn, and by such refusal preventing the possibility of civil war. The latter course appears to us to have been by far the wiser and better course of the two.

The United States Government has now formally recognized Panama as an independent nation, and is thus able to enter into a treaty with Panama for the construction of the canal. Has it done this too promptly? This is, in our judgment, the only question upon which there is room for reasonable difference of opinion. Our answer is: The Government has not recognized the independence of the State of Panama too promptly. Promptitude was demanded by the interests of Panama and of the Isthmian treaty, by our own interests, and by those of the civilized world, and no delay was due to Colombia, whose grotesque conceptions of honesty and good faith had recently received such striking illustrations in its dealing with the United States Government and with the French stockholders.

We do not wonder that the action of the Administration seems to some men very sudden. Some minds move more quickly than others. Happily, the minds of the men in control of the United States Government are quick-moving minds. By the promptness of their action they have prevented bloodshed, maintained peace, and protected, at the least possible cost of money and no cost of lives, that safety of transit across the Isthmus which they were under obligation to maintain. It will take a little time for men whose minds move more slowly to adjust themselves to the new conditions; but the whole country will do this speedily, and we believe that the opposition to a Panama canal under the protectorate of the United States will hardly last as a serious factor even into the Presidential campaign of next summer. It is certain that if this opposition is to make itself felt, it must not content itself with criticising the United States for promptitude of action; it must state what the United States ought to have done in lieu of that promptitude of action.

It must also state what the United States Government should do now. We are prepared to state what we think it should endeavor to do now. It should endeavor to enter into a treaty with the Republic of Panama along the lines of the precedent set by the treaty with Cuba in 1901. It should offer to guarantee the independence of Panama, the safety of life and property in Panama, and a republican form of government in Panama against both domestic and foreign assailants; and it should ask Panama, as a condition of such guarantee, to give it absolute authority over the canal and over a strip of territory on either side of the canal, to agree to make no foreign treaty affecting its independence, to allow no foreign power to colonize or acquire control in its territory, to contract no

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debt for which provision cannot be made as to interest and sinking fund out of the revenues, to devise and extend adequate plans of sanitation, and to give the United States one or two coaling stations, provided these are needed, as they probably will be. Such a treaty, bringing the whole Republic of Panama under the protectorate of the United States, not merely a treaty giving the United States a right to build, own, and police a canal through Panama, is the object which, in our judgment, the United States should propose to itself and endeavor to secure, with the assent of the infant Republic.

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The Anarchist Exclusion Law

To the Editors of The Outlook:

How can you say (page 474, October 31) that Count Tolstoy, as a philosophical Anarchist, would be allowed to visit the United States, and that if John Turner does not advocate violence, the immigration law does not apply to him, when he was arrested and is now detained *solely* because he is an Anarchist? Counsel for the Commissioner of Immigration said at the *habeas corpus* hearing before Judge Lacombe that it made no difference whether Turner advocated violence or not. At Turner's examination by the Commissioner he was not asked whether he advocated violence, but only whether or not he was an Anarchist, and how long he had been in the country. There is no way under the law for him to show that he does or does not believe in violence.

The law says (sec. 38), "No person who disbelieves in or who is opposed to all organized government" shall be permitted to enter the United States; and there is a maximum fine of $5,000 and a maximum imprisonment for five years for any one who aids, assists, connives, or conspires to bring or permit an Anarchist, philosophical or other, to come here. I think you ought to correct your statement, and let your readers know the truth. Count Tolstoy cannot come here, and if you or one of your readers should invite him to come, and by some chance he should land, you or your reader would be subject to the aforesaid fine and imprisonment. You may rely on my statement of the case as being correct, for I have the brief of the Commissioner's counsel before me, and his contention is as I have given it; but, without his brief, the language of section 38 is unmistakable.

HUGH O. PENTECOST.

Our correspondent interprets correctly the law excluding Anarchists, though it may be questioned whether he correctly interprets Count Tolstoy. The law to which we referred contains two sections, one excluding from admission into the United States all "polygamists, anarchists, or persons who believe in or advocate the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the United States, or of all government, or of all forms of law, or the assassination of public officials." These persons are included in a much larger list, comprising paupers, professional beggars, prostitutes, etc., etc. In our judgment, the clause "or persons who believe in or advocate the overthrow by force" is a definition of the word "anarchists." But another section of the law, section 38, provides "that no person who disbelieves in or who is opposed to all organized government, or who is a member of or affiliated with any organization entertaining and teaching such disbelief in or opposition to all organized government, or who advocates or teaches the duty, necessity, or propriety of the unlawful assaulting or killing of any officer or officers, either of specific individuals or of officers generally, of the Government of the United States or of any other organized government, because of his or their official character, shall be permitted to enter the United States or any territory or place subject to the jurisdiction thereof."

Mr. Turner avowed himself an Anarchist in his opinions. Did he also advocate the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the United States? Our correspondent, in another letter to us, reports him as prophesying without advocating violence in his speech, the night he was arrested, saying, "I look forward to this struggle as an opportunity for the workers to assert the power that is really theirs." The counsel for the Commissioner contended, as reported by our correspondent, that this implied a "general strike" as a means to the overthrow of all government, because "if anarchy comes about, even for a short time, it will, no doubt, be through the disorder and violence of a general strike." On this statement of facts the reader has to pass judgment on two questions: First, Was Mr. Turner legally arrested? Second, If so, is the law under which he was arrested one to be

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sustained or one that should be abrogated?

The answer to the first question is perfectly clear; he was legally arrested. He declared himself to be an Anarchist, and the law requires the Commissioner to deport all Anarchists, whether they advocate violence or not. Whether, therefore, his prophecy of a general strike can be interpreted as an indirect advocacy of general violence tending to the overthrow of government or not—that is, whether he could be properly arrested under section 2—he was properly arrested under section 38.

Respecting the second question, Is this law right? a distinction should be borne in mind by our readers. In our judgment, it would be indefensibly wrong to punish an American citizen living in America for advocating the abrogation of all government by peaceful means and the dissolution of society into its original elements. We repeat what we said in The Outlook of October 31: "All error is dangerless so long as truth is left free to combat it." But with our heterogeneous population, our lack of strong centralized government, our excitable social elements and the peril which they involve, it may be right for us to exclude from our shores apostles coming from abroad for the purpose of advocating even philosophical Anarchy by peaceful means; because it is by no means certain that their hearers will make a clear discrimination between peaceful and warlike revolution, between the Anarchy which trusts to persecution to do away with the exercise of all force, and the Anarchy which proposes to a minority to use force in order to destroy the power of the majority to use it. But though this law does not, in our judgment, transcend the right of the Nation, the right of which to exclude undesirable citizens is absolute, it may be, and in our judgment is, inexpedient. It is more likely to arouse sympathy for Anarchists than to prevent the diffusion of Anarchist principles. Certainly we should have preferred waiting to see whether section 2 was not sufficient protection to the peace and order of America before enacting section 38; but we do not deny the right of government to enact section 38, if such action is necessary to secure peace and order in America. And, since Congress has enacted that section, it is clear that the Commissioner has no discretion but to enforce it until it is repealed by Congress, unless it is declared unconstitutional by the courts.

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Working Overtime

Dr. O. S. Marden, the editor of "Success," has illustrated in many effective ways his central doctrine that a man's fortune lies in his own brain and character, and that fate is inside, not outside, the young man when he enters the field of struggle. This great truth cannot be urged too strongly upon young men nor pressed home too cogently. The significance of this country is to be found largely in the fact that it is the freest field in the world for the expression of the personal energy of the individual, and that, as a rule, men fail and succeed in this country, not because they are born with position, influence, power, or wealth, or without these things, but because they are willing to pay, in firmness of character, steadiness of will, and tireless patience, the price of success. In his latest book, "The Young Man Entering Business," which bears the imprint of T. Y. Crowell & Co., Dr. Marden, drawing his illustrations from a very wide circle of effective and fruitful careers, preaches this gospel, which is as old as ability and character and as new as the fresh field of to-day in this country, from another point of view. Nor is the doctrine which he preaches one of mere material success; it is rather the significance of success as a measure of capacity and character than success as the highest fruit of endeavor.

Like all men who know what real success is, Dr. Marden is not hoodwinked by the exterior signs and symbols of the career of the man who has made his way and found his place among his fellows. When money has been obtained as the result of the application of a man's brain to his work and the uses of a man's opportunities by a man's character, it is a substantial and honor-

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able evidence of inward power. But behind every fortune worthily made, behind every kind of work effectively and honestly done, there is an immense moral element from which it can no more be separated than the fruit can be grown apart from the tree which produces it. To preach success to young men without preaching thoroughgoing morality is to advise them to create without the possession of either the materials or the tools necessary to creation. The counsels of so-called practical men are by no means, in all cases, the counsels of perfection. To tell a man to get rich is an absurdity; to tell him to be honest, faithful, competent, resolute, is to put him in the way of being rich and to train him to use riches rather than to be used by them. It is in this spirit that Dr. Marden emphasizes the meaning of what he calls the opportunity to learn. He advises young men not to think about the amount of salary they receive at the start, but to think rather of the amount of salary they can secure by making themselves essential through superiority of character and of skill. A man's work is not only something to be done, but it is material out of which he is to build his manhood. It is something more than a task to be performed on a given day; it is a part of the tremendous schooling of life.

He is a very short-sighted man who measures his work by his pay, and there is nothing which more surely condemns a man to sterility at the very start than the determination not to do anything more than he is paid for doing. The dread of working overtime is a sign of inefficiency. The men who arrive do not stop to count the hours by the way, nor do they keep a careful record of the force they have put forth. What they care for is a chance to work to the top of their bent; and the honest man will not rest content unless he gives more than he receives. The first step in achievement is to be ready to do the work of the position beyond that which a man holds. The young man who is ready to do the work of some one who is superior to him in position has the best chance of ultimately securing his chance of advancement. He is in the line of natural selection. As a matter of fact, much of the best work that has been done in the world has not been adequately paid for; but it has rarely failed to open the way for more generous payment; and those who treat work, not as a task, but as an opportunity, will rank themselves in the end with the best paid and the most generously recognized; or, when this is not true, as has happened more than once and will happen many times again, there is that consciousness, better than any form of money payment, that a man has done his work in the spirit of a man and with the strength of a man. It cannot be said that all men who willingly work overtime reap their reward; but it can be said that no man is reaping the highest rewards or the largest rewards who has not, sometimes for years together, worked overtime. The fear of working overtime is a kind of cowardice which defeats all noble ambitions and condemns a man to mediocrity; eagerness to work overtime when there is work to be done is the sign of a true workman.

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To a Young Minister

The Minister's Message

Belief in redemption is the distinctive characteristic of Christian theology; the message of redemption is the Christian minister's message. Says Professor James in his "Varieties of Religious Experience:" "The warring gods and formulas of the various religions do indeed cancel each other, but there is a certain uniform deliverance in which religions all appear to meet. It consists of two parts: 1. An uneasiness; and 2. Its solution. 1. The uneasiness, reduced to its simplest terms, is a sense that there is *something wrong about us* as we naturally stand. 2. The solution is a sense that *we are saved from the wrongness* by making proper connection with the higher powers."

Such is the message of universal religion. Christianity, and in Christianity I include Judaism—for Judaism is Christianity in bud, and Christianity is Judaism in blossom—comes in with this added message: The Higher Powers

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themselves have come into the world to make that connection; it is but for us to accept the connection they have made and so be saved from the wrongness. This is the message of the Christian minister. It is not, Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not commit adultery; it is not, Do unto others as you would have others do unto you; it is not, I have done the things I ought not to have done, and I have left undone the things I ought to have done. These messages he has in common with other religions. It is this: God has come into the world; he has dwelt in a human life; he has filled that life full of himself; he is no longer a God afar off; he is made known to us, in the only way in which he could be made to know us, namely, in the terms of a human experience. God is Immanuel, God with us. Nor has Immanuel departed. He seemed to depart, but he did not. He seemed to die, but did not. Death had no dominion over the Christ. His resurrection from the dead is the attestation of that fact. Immanuel, God in humanity, is as truly here as he ever was; as truly by the shore of the Hudson River or the Great Lakes as on the shore of Lake Gennesaret; as truly on the White Mountains or the Rocky Mountains as ever on Mount Sinai or the Mount of Transfiguration; forgiving, healing, life-giving now as then. In Christ, God manifest in the flesh, God has made the needed connection, and all we have to do is to take the forgiveness and the life he offers us, and, taking them, go out freed from the past, to live the life of love and joy and peace in the future. This is the message of the Christian ministry.

What was the Apostolic preaching? Turn to the Book of Acts and see. It was not, Be virtuous and you will be happy; it was not a new edition of the Ten Commandments; it was not a repetition of the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount; it was not a philosophical argument for the existence of a God. The message was this: The Deliverer has come, the Ransomer is here, the one who is to set the world right has reached the world; and we know that it is he, because he was put to death and he has risen from the dead. This was the Apostolic message. In that message Christianity was born, and the history of the Christian Church from that time to this—nay, the history of Christendom from that time to this—has been simply the one hundred and third Psalm writ large. It has been the history of a world that has been sinning and sickening and dying and destroying itself and humbling its head in the dust and the ashes, and of a God who has been forgiving its iniquities and healing its diseases and saving it from destruction and crowning it with loving-kindness and with tender mercies. The history of the world is the history of God at work in the world redeeming the world.

The Christian minister is a minister of this Christian redemption. He is a man who perceives the Infinite in his own personal experience; who perceives the Infinite in Jesus Christ; who perceives the Infinite in the history of the world; and whose heart is so surcharged with the splendid truth that God is in the world healing men's diseases, pardoning their iniquities, redeeming their lives from destruction, lifting them up when they are fallen down, giving them life when they are dead, that he is eager to tell it to his fellow-men.

The message of the minister is not merely a repetition of the doctrines of incarnation and atonement, it is not merely saying over and over again that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. Various are his specific messages, but all these various messages grow out of this basic faith in Immanuel and are applications or illustrations of it or deductions from it. It is the possession of this faith that constitutes the secret of the power of the evangelical ministry. It is the lack of this message that explains the weakness of any ministry which is weak. No splendor of ritual, no excellence of ethical standard, no lucidity or simplicity or rationality of philosophy, can serve as a substitute for this faith. In so far as the so-called New Theology makes this faith clearer, it is stronger than the Old Theology. In so far as Unitarianism fails to make it clear, it is weaker than either the old or the newer form of evangelical faith.

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I have been often asked to define the difference between the New Theology and Unitarianism. I cannot do it so well as Dr. James Martineau, himself a Unitarian, has done in the following passage:

January 3, 1892.

Your experience confirms my growing surmise that the mission which had been consigned to us by our history is likely to pass to the Congregationalists in England and the Presbyterians in Scotland. Their escape from the old orthodox scheme is by a better path than ours. With us, insistence upon the simple humanity of Christ has come to mean the *limitation of all Divineness* to the Father, leaving Man a mere item of creaturely existence under laws of Natural Necessity. With them the transfer of emphasis from the Atonement to the Incarnation means the retention of a divine essence in Christ, as the Head and Type of Humanity in its realized Idea; so that Man and Life are lifted into kinship with God, instead of *what had been God* being reduced to the scale of mere Nature. The union of the two Natures in Christ resolves itself into their union in Man, and links Heaven and Earth in relations of a common spirituality. It is easy to see how the Divineness of existence, instead of being driven off into the heights beyond life, is thus brought down into the deeps within it, and diffuses there a multitude of sanctities that would else have been secularized. Hence, the feeling of reverence, the habits of piety, the aspirations of faith, the hopes of immortality, the devoutness of duty, which have so much lost their hold on our people, remain *real powers* among the liberalized orthodox, and enable them to carry their appeal home to the hearts of men in a way the secret of which has escaped from us. I hardly think we shall recover it now. There is plenty of scope, however, for any young prophet who can bring into his mission the faith and fervor of more spiritual churches, in combination with the rationality and veracity of ours.[1]

Whether you who are reading this letter are a Unitarian or an orthodox minister, an Episcopalian or a Congregational minister, an Old Theology or a New Theology minister, a Roman Catholic or a Protestant minister, I recommend these words to you: "There is plenty of scope, however, for any young prophet who can bring into his mission the faith and fervor of more spiritual churches, in combination with the rationality and veracity of ours." That is exactly what the world needs.

L. A.

[1] "James Martineau: Life and Letters," Vol. II., p. 231.

The Spectator

The Spectator has all his life been an interested observer of the people who live in Baby Land. For many reasons, he has never been intimate in that land of delight, according to the reports of his friends who know its people intimately. As a truthful observer, he would be compelled to admit that he had known of squalls and cyclones in that land, which must modify the delights which he has heard so enthusiastically described. If well protected, he might venture to admit that he had witnessed such defeats of adults by the diminutive dwellers in Baby Land that he long ago concluded that there were other traits to be found in its people than sweetness, beauty, and the bewitching graces that lure one, the Spectator has been forced to think, to the brink of mild insanity or moral recklessness due to enthusiasm.

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No man could prophesy what would result if Baby Land were not divided into many sections. If all its allurements, with the dwellers therein, were gathered at one place, the Spectator would venture to say that the center of the universe would at once be discovered. If any man disputes this conclusion, let him for a day watch "the babies on our block." Where they are, public attention is focused; the public attention of the dwellers on the block and of the unknown passer-by. Beauty arrayed in all the glory of Solomon finds herself relegated to a secondary position. But so strange is the power at that place of interest that Beauty bends her knee, smilingly unconscious that she is dethroned. Secretly the Spectator has differentiated one baby. She to him is The Baby. This saves the Spectator inward argument. The other babies may be all that is claimed. She is all that, plus—The Baby. When he passes in or out, he looks for her carriage. If she is not out, he asks the elevator-boy if any of the babies in that house are ill. The Spectator guards his secret well, for he knows the danger of preference. The baby who vanquished the Spectator was ridiculously small when first she overcame him, and so superbly

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unconscious of her conquest, so indifferent to the victim! Now she distinguishes him from the rest of mankind by a bewitching smile, and the victim glories in the chains that bind him to the car of the victor, while in triumph he sings "Ich dien" behind the closed doors of his rooms.

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It seems but yesterday that the Spectator watched through panes dulled by the dashing rain the procession of umbrellas at angles of discouragement, reckless indifference, and nervous irritation, appearing and disappearing through the long street. Suddenly The Baby appeared, arrayed in pink. Immediately the place where she sat radiated sunshine. She nodded, smiled at the passer-by, and by some occult reasoning selected some for the kisses thrown from her chubby fingers. Every face brightened, and the steps changed to those of engaged energy, because of the little lady living up to the creed of kinship with all men. There appeared a boy, not over-clean, carrying a heavy basket. The rain beating in his face added to the general discomfort caused by his thoroughly soaked garments, and made him a most woefully unhappy boy. He glanced up at the window. Immediately her Majesty most graciously threw a kiss from the tips of her fingers. The boy's face brightened, yet crimsoned with embarrassment. To send a greeting in kind it was evident to him would be highly improper; to fail to recognize it, worse. He stood a moment and then removed his cap. The Baby laughed aloud in response. As the boy replaced the cap, she waved her hand as if to emphasize her expression of kinship. With her cheek pressed to the window-pane she watched him walking slowly backward out of sight. When the boy could not be seen, there was the sudden outburst of a gay whistle, which vibrated down the street. As it was lost in the distance the Spectator found himself whistling. The rain would not last; sunshine would follow. Only cowards growled.

It was months afterward that the Spectator was brought face to face again with the winning democracy of Baby Land. The car was jiggling along on an East Side street, when a young mother, evidently the wife of a workingman, entered the car carrying a little girl just beginning to talk. The child was so dainty and pretty that she held the attention of all the passengers with the exception of one, an old woman bearing every evidence of dissipation and personal neglect. The little girl fastened her big blue eyes, alight with cordial interest, on this face. The woman scowled, but the baby, not understanding rebuff or disapproval, smiled most cordially. The young mother, distressed by the woman's expression, tried to divert the baby, but it was useless; her interest was centered in the old woman who was the perfect opposite of herself. Suddenly she jerked herself free from her mother's hand and made a lunging dash across the car. Putting her mittened hands on the knee of the woman, she lifted her face with a most cordial invitation for a kiss. The woman colored, and, putting her hand gingerly on the baby's shoulder, said, "Go back, honey; you'll soil your pretty white coat; I'm not fit for you to touch." The voice, very musical, gave evidence of refinement. The mother took her baby by the elbow to draw her back, but the baby shook herself free from her mother's grasp again, and, leaning more confidingly against the woman, said: "I love gran'mas; I have gran'ma home." The woman stared a moment, then bowed her head. The baby's lip quivered, while her eyes never left the woman's face. Raising both hands, she said plaintively, "P'ease take baby up." The woman looked at the mother, whose face, like her baby's, responded to the woman's suffering, and nodded a cordial assent. The woman took the baby in her lap; she laid her cheek against the heaving breast in perfect content. When the mother left the car, the woman for the rest of the journey sat with her hands tightly clasped in her lap, nor once raised her head.

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The New Speaker

By Francis E. Leupp

WHATEVER success may attend the career of Joseph G. Cannon as Speaker of the House of Representatives, it is as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations that he will be longest remembered. He has aspired to the Speakership before, though scarcely any one recalls the fact. This was in the fall of 1888, when it had been definitely settled that the Fifty-first Congress was to have a Republican House. The other candidates included Reed, who won the prize and made his victory more memorable than any predecessor; Henderson, who succeeded Reed; and McKinley, whose loss of the gavel gave him the Chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee, and thus started him on the road to the Presidency. What an old friend and fellow-Representative said of Cannon at that time will bear repeating now: "He is the hardest-headed of Republicans—one who has ever been in the thickest of the fighting on the floor of the House. He gives and receives blows with the sang-froid of a pugilist. His eyes are blue and bright, and his voice rings like a clarion. His hair is thin, but as soft and fine as silk. He has a bluff and hearty manner, and enjoys a good cigar. In debate he comes to the point at once—there is no beating about the bush. He charges home direct, and either routs or is routed. He holds no animosities, and is just the man to hug a fellow who has beaten him black-and-blue in a fair fight. Joe is well versed in parliamentary law; when an abstract point of order is made, he is one of the six who open their desks and drag out the red book. No man can split a hair finer, and none can more adroitly escape from a dilemma. He always rises at prayers, and he is certainly as pious as any of the rest."

The portrait might have gone further, and touched its subject's clothes, which, though scrupulously neat, look as if they had accidentally dropped upon him out of a tree. A loose sack, preferably of a pepper-and-salt mixture; a waistcoat which compromises between fashions forty years apart, by being cut high but left unbuttoned half-way down; trousers to match the coat; a gray felt hat; a plain white plaited shirt-front and black bow tie—these comprise the salient features of a costume which neither apes elegance nor studies neglect, but is simply comfortable and suits the wearer as none other could.

It is not necessary for Cannon to make up or pose as anybody's replica: he is himself an original. This is, perhaps, only a natural sequence to the story of a career of which every step has been won by hard work and clever adaptation. Cannon inherited no start in life. His father, a country physician in the Middle West, was much respected but meagerly paid, and one night, returning home from an errand of mercy at a distance, fell into a slough and was drowned. Joseph, a boy in his teens, with only the rudiments of an education, had to shoulder most of the support of the family from that day forward. It speaks volumes for his hopeful temperament that he cheerily accepted the burden, and became, while still a young man, a pretty well known lawyer, and a leader in the business and political interests of his neighborhood. Some of his cronies attribute his success in part to the fact that he grew up among Quakers, and learned from them the habit of deliberate and well-considered speech, which gives the mental processes time to make their work secure, and also impresses the hearer with a sense of the importance of the uttered words. Let it not be supposed for a moment, however, that Mr. Cannon's nature is void of explosive elements. He simply has mastered the art of controlling their manifestation so as to accumulate a good deal of wrath before letting any of it out. When it does come, the whole neighborhood is shaken; then follows a calm quite as sudden as the eruption, and the air is clearer for some time afterward.

Tradition has it that Cannon's break

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with the Society of Friends occurred many years ago, when an influential member came to expostulate with him on his marriage with one of the world's people.

"Friend Joseph," said his venerable visitor, "thee knows what the good book says about being unequally yoked with unbelievers. The Friends everywhere feel much distressed over thy rash step, and hope that mature thought will bring thee to a better frame of mind, and that thee will say as much at the next meeting."

To this excellent person's astonishment, Friend Joseph, instead of receiving his admonition with becoming meekness of spirit, opened a rhetorical crater long supposed extinct, and in slow and measured periods put forth some of the carnal man's most unprintable language. He concluded with the declaration: "If you mean that I am to get up in meeting and say I'm sorry I married Mary, I won't do it. I'm blanked if I'm sorry, and I'm blanked if I'll say I am!" This ended the interview, and launched the young lawyer as a full-armored worldling.

The divinity that shaped "Joe" Cannon's rough-hewed end did him a good turn in guiding him out of North Carolina, his birthplace, and into Illinois, where he has spent the better part of his life. Had he stayed in the South, he would undoubtedly have been a secessionist in the '60's, and a member of the Democratic minority now; for his political opinions belong to the class made, not born. He would tell you himself that he is simply "adaptable." Because he is a Republican leader, he is a champion of sound finance to-day, although early in his career as a member of Congress he voted at least three times to repeal the Resumption Act. He is a rock-ribbed supporter to-day of the Republican policy of expansion, though Congress did not contain a more downright opponent of the whole programme when it was first under consideration. It is a tribute to his popularity, and to the fact that in his own special field every one regards him as a master-spirit, that these and other complete changes of judgment are never raised against him in serious discussion. His friends say in his behalf that, while a small man may know when he is whipped, it takes a large man to admit it.

The bulk of most men's effective service in Congress is performed in one of two places—on the floor or in committee. Cannon's is in both. As Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations he was a host; indeed, though he has able coadjutors, in the mind of the House he was for all intents the whole Committee. In beginning work on a budget, he had at his fingers' ends the details of former budgets and the precedents established by them. When an executive officer appeared to plead for an increased appropriation, the Chairman's favorite attitude was one of somnolence. He tipped back in his swivel chair; put both feet on the edge of the table; cocked between his lips a long-nine cigar, unlighted, at an angle which under other conditions would send most of the smoke into his left eye; and appeared to doze. It was a weasel's nap, however, as the unlucky applicant discovered to his cost when he passed the limit of what Cannon regards as reasonableness. Then the Chairman would drop one foot after the other to the floor, wheel to the front-face, reach out for a digest of appropriations for a certain past year, find what he wanted, and proceed to read aloud—regardless of what was passing—a paragraph designed to dumfound the witness, by showing what the Committee had previously done without effect, or, in other words, how much money it had already thrown into the same yawning hole.

It is this bluff exterior which has made Cannon a bugbear in some quarters and frightened into silence many a man with a really worthy cause. "What is the use of trying to make any progress with such an obstacle in the path?" asks the unsympathetic chief of some Government bureau, rankling under a hateful system of petty economies. Nine times out of ten, if the remonstrant is cross-questioned, it will appear that he sought a roundabout way of getting at the public money-chest; that he assumed that Cannon's committee would frown upon sundry proposed expendi-

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tures as foolish because they could not understand them; and that he had therefore tried to cloak his purposes under certain other forms of appropriation, but was found out and dismissed without ado.

As a matter of fact, the easiest way to deal with Cannon is to return his candor with candor, and have a little patience with his questions. He may so frame these as to indicate that he has set you down for a thief, and thrown upon you the burden of proving your own innocence; but that is only his manner, and after a little you will get used to it. When he has raked you through, and discovered precisely what you are driving at, his after-conduct will be based on this conclusion. If he is satisfied that you have nothing to conceal, and that you are asking in good faith for something which you consider important, you will find him as ready as any one else to sit down and talk it over. No superintendent ever got more generous appropriations for the Coast and Geodetic Survey than one whose method was simplicity itself. He would approach Chairman Cannon with a plain statement of how much money he wished and for what purpose he intended to use it; so many thousand dollars were to go to this piece of practical work, so many to that, so many to a third, and so on. Then he would put in a request for a fund for carrying on a certain line of investigation. This, he would explain, had no practical value in the ordinary sense of the term; it would not save one hour's labor to any governmental or commercial enterprise; it would not add a penny, even indirectly, to the surplus in the treasury or the wealth of the people; it was nothing more than America's free contribution to the scientific progress of the world. I do not believe that Cannon ever cut down ten dollars' expenditure on such a direct, aboveboard statement, when satisfied that, in the judgment of a man who knew more about the matter than he, it was the right thing to pass.

Some one once called Cannon, in the presence of a group of his colleagues, the watchdog of the Treasury.

"That is the name they used to give Holman," remarked another person present, "and he was very proud of it."

"But Cannon," said an old friend, "is a better-trained dog than Holman was. Holman used to bark all the time, and at everybody; Cannon knows whom to bark at, and when."

Cannon's homely way of getting at the core of a question involving money-spending was well illustrated in the case of a bureau which had to change the steam boilers in one of its buildings and the electric plant in another. He heard the argument all through, prodded the petitioner with questions which seemed almost hostile in intent, and then said:

"Write the Committee a letter. Say that you wish two new boilers, so-and-so, costing such a sum; add an estimate by your engineer for running a tunnel of such-and-such dimensions to your adjoining building, and for piping the steam thus-and-thus. How will that do?"

"That is just what we need."

"Then ask for so many feet of electric copper wire at so much a foot; it will cost you such a sum to install it as you propose."

He had named, from a brief calculation made on a scrap of paper, exact figures in every instance, which corresponded so well with the data already laboriously prepared by the petitioner that the latter's eyes grew wide with wonder. "Uncle Joe" regarded him with a quizzical look, and then, lifting both feet again to their accustomed place on the table and preparing to pass to the next paragraph, remarked quietly: "I'm a director in an electric lighting company at home, and I know all about it."

One day the late Colonel Macdonald, Commissioner of Fisheries, came before the Committee to explain his estimates, and was riddled with interrogatories by the Chairman, as usual. The next morning a yellow journal published a sensational attack on the administration of the Fish Commission, and the Senate voted to have an investigation. The Commissioner, an honest man unused to this sort of treatment, became terribly alarmed lest these incidents should affect the temper of the House Committee on Appropriations. After a sleepless night he

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sought Cannon and made a clean breast of his fears. With no change of countenance, Cannon asked:

"When you were before our Committee, you told us what you needed for the coming year, and why you needed it, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Did we tell you you couldn't have it?"

"No."

"Then go home and take your full night's rest in comfort. We base our appropriations on our own judgment, not on newspaper attacks. Why, my good friend"—his face relaxing into a broad smile as he laid his hand on Colonel Macdonald's shoulder—"I've got to such a point that if I go through a week without being caricatured or lampooned, I really miss it. I feel as if I must have suddenly lost my grip, or done something I ought to be ashamed of."

To any one cherishing the popular conception of a debater in Congress as a man who wins victories by his overpowering eloquence, Cannon's appearance on the floor must be disappointing indeed. Of course he has delivered speeches which have been printed and distributed as campaign documents; but those are little more than compilations with a notable name attached. His great hits have been made without the aid of formal oratory. I have seen him stand up in the House for two days at a time, meeting all comers, wrestling, wrangling, giving and taking merciless blows in an effort to keep Congress from something he regarded as an act of folly. For instance, he has been from the outset a foe to the Burnham Commission's plan of beautifying the capital city and developing the designs of L'Enfant and Washington. In this opposition he will eventually be overwhelmed by public sentiment; but he will probably go down, when the time comes, with a weapon in each hand and his flag in his teeth. Almost any of the old-time Congressional orators, in his place, would have delivered long and labored discourses on the proper province of government, and the danger of taxing the people to pay for a local scheme of architectural improvement, or something of that sort. The way Cannon goes at it may be seen from a single typical instance, where, as an entering wedge for the beautification programme, it was proposed to vote $5,000 for the preparation of plans for a new building for the Department of Agriculture. This came up as an amendment tacked by the Senate to a House appropriation bill.

"It looks," said Cannon, scanning the item, "as if they intended to erect a new Agricultural Building. I should be glad to receive some assurance that the House conferees are red-headed against it."

That drew forth laughter, and put the House in good humor. Then Cannon followed up one bit of ridicule with another, in brief interjections in the debate, leaving his followers to do most of the routine talking. Presently it became obvious, from other things in the bill, that the new building was only part of a plan for an extensive increase of expenses, including the creation of an additional bureau and the raising of certain salaries. Again Cannon sprang to the front and headed the onslaught. When assured that clever scientists could not be got for less than $3,000 a year, he burst forth: "Are not the woods full of alleged scientists? Here"—glancing down the bill—"is a scientist at $1,000."

"That," explained an opponent, "is probably a young scientist who has lately entered the Department."

"Why," retorted Cannon, "there are hundreds and thousands of scientists who would be glad to take the position at $2,000; and whenever there is a vacancy, scientists come rushing in for the place like a duck after a June-bug!"

When something does inspire him to effort more ambitious than this running fire of quips and satire, and he suddenly plunges into an impromptu speech of some length, he is a spectacle to move the gods to tears. As he warms to his subject he limbers up one organ after another till the whole of the man gets into motion—legs, arms, fingers, face, even the lapels and back of his coat—reminding one of a gas-engine working with a defective valve-gear and on a wabbling foundation. He usually begins with the little

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fingers of his two hands linked, but struggling to get apart—a sign that he is casting his thoughts ahead to frame his opening proposition. This fully out, the clutch of the little fingers is broken, and the forefinger of his left hand begins to pound the palm of his right. Then all the fingers are called into play, and there is a wrestling between them, catch-as-catch-can. At the approach to the climax, the fingers are clenched into fists and begin to assault the desk in unison. Then the fists spring into the air and whirl about the suffused face, till all the spectator sees is a big human firework with a glowing center and a shower flying from it in all directions. By the time the speech is ended there is a considerable unoccupied space all around "Uncle Joe," for he has the trick of spinning on his axis while in action, and neighbors who know his habit move away to a safe distance. But he lets nobody's attention wander for a moment. In that respect his speech-making differs from his singing. He knows—or fancies he knows—two tunes: "Old Hundred" for occasions of serious import, and "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea" for convivial gatherings. When he strikes up either, its influence is felt immediately, and the rest of the party retire to another room to reflect.

Cannon's selection for the Speakership is gratifying or the reverse according to one's point of view. No man could have been taken from the floor of the House who would be more missed in his place. As a reward, his promotion is well deserved; but as a change, the House will long mourn it as a loss, no matter how worthy the successor to his chairmanship. His earnestness and his common sense, two highly valuable qualities for an occupant of the chair in a great legislative body, will be appreciated there, but they will not have so much play as in the place he has filled for five Congresses. There is other material in the House of which to make Speakers; there is only one "Uncle Joe" Cannon.

From Sweatshop to Factory

By Ernest Poole

"THE most ingenious and effective engine of over-exertion known to modern industry." So the Industrial Commission three years ago described the Jewish task system of making coats in the New York sweat-shops.

Go to-night at nine or even ten o'clock down through the Ghetto; you will find scores of small coat-shops still lighted. These are non-union shops, and a glimpse into one of them reveals the task system running at full speed. The room is low and crowded. The air is close, impure, and alive with the ceaseless whir of machines. To the left of the door as you enter four women and girls sit sewing. The contractor trims coats at a table beyond them. To the right, in the wall, is a small oven for heating irons, and near by two pressers are working. In front, by the windows, with gas-jets flaring just above, are three "task teams" of three men each.

This team of three is the central group of the system. The operator bends close over his machine—his foot on the treadle in swift, ceaseless motion; the baster stands just behind, at the table; the finisher works close between them. On the table is a pile of twenty coats. This is their "task"—the "day's work," which most teams never accomplish. Of the three teams here, the swiftest can finish their task in fourteen hours' labor. The other two seem forever behind and striving to catch up. Five tasks a week is their average. They need no overseer, no rules, no regular hours. They drive themselves. This is the secret of the system. For three men seldom feel sick or dull or exhausted at the same moment. If the operator slackens his pace, the baster calls for more coats; and if at six o'clock the baster gives out, the finisher spurs him on through the evening.

Their positions are tense, their eyes

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strained, their movements quick and nervous. Most of them smoke cigarettes while they work; beer and cheap whisky are brought in several times a day by a peddler. Some sing Yiddish songs—while they race. The women chat and laugh sometimes—while they race. For these are not yet dumb slaves, but intensely human—young, and straining every ounce of youth's vitality. Among operators twenty years is an active lifetime. Forty-five is old age. They make but half a living.

For labor so excessive the yearly wage is miserably low. Three years ago, when the task system still held full sway, the Industrial Commission took a careful record of wages. Allowing for the many half-weeks in dull seasons, the operator averaged through the year $10 a week, the baster $8.66, the finisher $6.66, the presser $8. The Italian women who took work home averaged $2 a week—some less.

This is but the rough underside of the system. Widen the focus, include employers, then employers of employers, and the whole is a live human picture of cut-throat competition. At the top the great New York manufacturers of clothing compete fiercely for half the country's trade—a trade of sudden changes, new styles, rush seasons. When, three years back, the Raglan overcoat came suddenly into favor, at once this chance was seized by a score of rivals, each striving to make the coat cheapest and place it first on the market. Each summoned his contractors, and set them in turn competing for orders. He knew them all, and knew how desperately dependent they were upon his trade. Slowly the prices were hammered down and down until the lowest possible bids had been forced. Then enormous rush orders were given.

To make the coats at such prices in so short a time, each contractor was now forced in turn to squeeze and drive his own workers. This was his part in the system. To this he had been trained through the long, hard years since he landed an immigrant, and, with all the ardor of his Jewish blood, began fighting his way up into business. To rise—he was willing then to work in foul, cheap shops where all sanitary laws could be evaded. To rise—he was willing then to work day and night, if need be. To rise—he knew now that his men would work as he had worked before them. He knew just how to use the over-supply of labor—constantly increased by cheap, ignorant immigrants—as a club to drive a close bargain. Because of this over-supply the workers had all been idle or on half-time through the slack summer months. They were eager now to work day and night. So the rush orders were filled quickly and cheaply. So the task system worked in the days of its triumph.

This system is now hard pushed by a swifter rival, and is falling behind in the race. In these days of machine invention, a process to live must not only be swift and cheap; it must be able, by saving labor, to grow forever swifter and cheaper. This the task system can no longer do—as a glimpse at its growth will show.

In 1876 it was introduced in New York by the Russian Jew. It was the first subdivision of labor in coat-making, and the team of three soon made a coat cheaper and quicker than the single tailor could make it. The system grew and prevailed. As shrewd contractors competed, the system was tried and strained by countless schemes for saving labor. But beyond the team it could not expand. The pace could not be increased by further subdividing labor, but only by forcing it. This was done. The workers were given their choice between lower wages and longer hours. They chose the latter. Then, as the immigrant Jews crowded by tens of thousands into the lower East Side, competition grew fiercer, and although the nominal wage held the same, the task increased slowly from eight coats to twelve, then fourteen, and so—in the cheapest coats—up to twenty-six. In the dull season of 1893 it reached thirty-six. The two thousand girls who had been third members of the team were dropped and their places were taken by men who worked fifty per cent. faster and could stand the sixteen hours. As the pace quickened, the Jews left all others behind. Only the Italian women

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and children held on, working in their tenement homes at finishing coats to eke out the family income. The labor cost of a coat was forced down until labor life was strained to the last ounce of strength, youth's capital of vitality was overdrawn, men gave out at forty or died of diseases which they had no strength to resist. Speed had reached its limit. The task system could neither save labor more nor drive it faster.

Then the factory system, so long delayed by the desperate driving of the task, began in 1896. In New York today seventy per cent. of the coats are made by the factory. The small shops—on task or week wages—are mere survivals of the past.

Endless saving, dividing, narrowing labor—this is the factory. Down either side of the long factory table forty operators bend over machines, and each one sews the twentieth part of a coat. One man makes hundreds of pockets. On sewing pockets his whole working life is narrowed. To this intensity he is helped and forced and stimulated at every possible point. His strength is no longer wasted on pushing a treadle; the machine is run by other power. The air he breathes is good. The shop is clean. The hours are absolutely regular—only nine and a half—from seven in the morning till six at night. Strict silence is the rule. A foreman watches at close intervals. An accurate daily record is kept of each man's labor. His pace is compared with the pace of the other pocket-maker just across the bench, and his wage is fixed accordingly.

The coat passes down the long bench, then through the hands of a dozen pressers and basters and finishers—each doing one minute part swiftly, with exact precision. Through thirty hands, it comes out at last fourteen minutes quicker, four cents cheaper; the factory has beaten the task shop.

And the human cost—is it, too, reduced? Is the worker better off here than he was in the sweat-shop? To consider this fairly we must compare the non-union factory with the non-union sweat-shop.

Wages by the week for the most skilled workers are slightly higher in the factory than they were in the sweat-shop. They are lower for the unskilled majority. This majority must slowly increase. For the factory system progresses by transferring skill to machinery.

Hours are shorter; work is less irregular; the shop is sanitary; the air is more wholesome—but the pocket-maker is often as exhausted at six o'clock as the coat-maker was at ten; for his work is more minute, more intense, more monotonous. This concentration, too, is growing.

Still, the workers have gained most decidedly. The factory is a help to the union. Through the past twenty years labor unions were formed again and again only to be broken by new waves of ignorant immigrants. In this system of small scattered shops the unions had no chance. The free American workman bargained alone, with a contractor who said, "I have no power," and a manufacturer who said, "I have no workmen." All this is ended. Contractor and manufacturer are slowly becoming one. The bargain is direct, and the workmen are learning to strike it together. Of the coat shops and factories over one-half are now organized into local unions which in turn are under the United Garment Workers of America.

In union label shops and factories alike the wage is already from two to three dollars higher per week than in the worst non-union shops. The day, in shops and factories alike, is limited to nine and a half hours. Shops and factories alike have become more wholesome, and this has been largely brought about by the Union Label—granted only to employers who have met the union requirements of hours, wages, and wholesome conditions. Of non-label coats, all grades—from the most expensive custom-made coat to the cheapest ready-made article—are made in all kinds of places. Thousands, although bearing no label, are made in wholesome, sanitary shops and factories. Thousands are not. Three weeks ago, at eleven o'clock in the evening, I saw a $45 overcoat being finally pressed in a foul, small sweat-shop. This uncertainty about non-label coats has been most effectively impressed

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on consumers by the union's wide advertising. As a result, the popular demand has increased so swiftly that in the past year alone the United Garment Workers sent out 34,500,000 labels for all kinds of garments—an increase in one year of 11,000,000. At this rate wholesome shops are growing. The cost in human life is marked down fifty per cent.

Only last week, in a crowded little hall on Broome Street, I spent one long afternoon of a Jewish holiday. The local union of coat-basters had met to adopt a system of mutual sick benefits. The plan seemed doubly needed as I watched the bent chests and white, strained faces. Half of them were only wrecks of men, and sat there dull, weak, helpless. The other half were still strong and eager. For three hours the plan was threshed in tense, excited Yiddish. An officer from the National Union had carefully explained the system's merits, the low rate, the co-operative principle. Again and again he was assailed with eager questions—some shrewd, some densely ignorant. In that ignorance could be foreseen the countless mistakes which will doubtless be made as these men—before cramped and overstrained—now suddenly gain power. But in those eager questions, in that tense, strong discussion, one could see men wakening to self-help. And self-help, in spite of all its mistakes, is to-day the main force in blotting out what is worst in a sweatshop.

The Modern Crusade Against Consumption

By Irving Fisher

PERSONALLY, I am interested in tuberculosis, as one who has had it and been cured of it. But I am persuaded that the interest in it should not be confined to those who have had it, nor to the medical profession. There should be a general interest in the subject, for several reasons. In the first place, tuberculosis is a general disease. No other disease except pneumonia has any death-rate like it. The mortality from tuberculosis equals that from peritonitis, appendicitis, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, diphtheria, grip, cancer, and smallpox combined. In this country one person in nine dies of it; and of the deaths which occur between the ages of fifteen and forty-five one-third are due to tuberculosis. In Germany, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five almost half of the deaths are from tuberculosis.

Not only is the prevalence of the disease shown by the number who die of it, but there is evidence that "latent" tuberculosis occurs in still greater frequency among those who never die of it, and who usually never even know that they have it. Nägeli concludes an extended investigation with the statement that practically *every adult has latent tuberculosis*. This means that each of us has encysted in his lungs a certain number of bacilli which might cause the disease, but which usually give no trouble because kept under control by good health or by the firmness of the growth in which they are incased.

Not only is consumption a common disease, but it is an infectious disease, and this is another reason why the public should be interested in it. It used to be thought that consumption was the type of a hereditary disease, and only specified classes of persons could have it. As a matter of fact, any kind of physique may be attacked. Persons with small chests and who inherit small "resisting power" are more apt to succumb to the disease than others, but no one is immune. For instance, a case is reported even in Colorado of a strong man who caught it by occupying a tent with a consumptive who expectorated his infection upon the floor. The disease, however, is communicable in practically only one way—through the expectoration, and this is dangerous only when

[1] Being, in part, an address delivered at United Church, New Haven, Connecticut, April 26, 1903, by Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy at Yale University and Secretary of the New Haven County Anti-Tuberculosis Association.

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dry and pulverized. Moist sputum is harmless (unless coughed into the face or inoculated into an open wound or communicated through a kiss on the mouth), but when a mass of sputum, containing millions of bacilli, is deposited in the corridors of the post-office or railway station, and, becoming dry, is trodden upon, the dust thus formed distributes these millions of bacilli through the atmosphere, and they are inhaled by all who breathe it. Out-of-doors the infection soon becomes too dilute to be harmful except to the weakest systems, for a healthy body is a germ-killing apparatus. The disease spreads through infected buildings. Dr. Biggs, in New York, has shown that in particular tenement-houses there have been sometimes over a dozen successive cases.

A third reason why every one ought to know something about consumption is that it is so easily preventable. In fact, it is only because of the general ignorance and indifference about it that this fiendish disease is allowed to have its way among us. It is prevented in two ways: first, by destruction of the bacilli, and, secondly, by fortifying the system to resist them. Consumptives should have paper spit-cups, which, with the expectoration, should be burned daily; apartments which have been occupied by consumptives should be reported to the local board of health and properly disinfected. Spitting upon the floor should be prevented. But ordinances against spitting, to be effective and enforced, must first be sustained by an educated public sentiment.

Our most important and immediate resource, however, is in defensive rather than offensive warfare. If we keep "in condition," we can safely resist the attacks not only of tubercle-bacilli but of other germs as well.

Not only is consumption a preventable disease, it is now known to be a curable disease. But it can be cured only provided it is taken in time, and provided the proper hygiene is adopted. If it is not taken in time, it soon reaches the incurable stage. Consumption is not a self-limiting disease, but a parasitic disease. It begins at some small point like a fire in a house, and, like the fire, can be smothered and put out if it does not get too much headway. But when once beyond a certain point it cannot be extinguished. Consequently, an early diagnosis is one of the important medical questions of the day, and fortunately the medical profession is gradually waking up to the fact that it has not been diagnosing this disease early enough. It has depended too much on "physical signs," and too little on microscopic examination of the sputum. Free examination of sputum is now provided by most city boards of health, and ought to be availed of by every one who has a persistent cough with yellow sputum.

It should be observed that tuberculosis always has been curable. But until recently the early and curable stage of the disease was not recognized as real consumption, but "only a threatening." In the light of modern knowledge it is practically certain that Napoleon, Goethe, Von Moltke, Cecil Rhodes, Emerson, and a host of other prominent personages, were cases of cure. I have a long list of living men and women who were cured years ago, though few of their acquaintance know of it. The agency by which cure was effected was once thought to be solely "good climate." But Brehmer in Germany conceived the idea, which to-day is almost universally accepted, that climate is of secondary importance, and that it is the out-of-door life and other hygienic conditions, rather than climate, which perform the cure. He therefore started a sanatorium, in 1859, having first cured himself of the disease in this way. He put his patients through this treatment and kept them out-of-doors in the daytime as long as the weather was pleasant. One of his patients, Dr. Dettweiler, afterward started a sanatorium of his own. Our modern sanatorium treatment all comes from him. Dettweiler went further than Brehmer in that he paid no attention to the weather. Patients now even sleep out-of-doors all the year round.

In this country the first physician to take up the Dettweiler method was Dr. E. L. Trudeau. He has gradually developed the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, an institution on Dettweiler

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principles. After Dr. Koch in 1884 discovered the bacillic nature of the disease, Dr. Trudeau also established a laboratory which has been the pioneer of American institutions for the scientific study of the disease. He has been ably assisted by Dr. E. R. Baldwin. Dr. Gardiner, of Colorado Springs, was one of the first to have patients sleep out-of-doors. His results were astonishingly good, and this method is now widely employed. The patient sleeps out even in winter. With few exceptions, the colder the weather the better the patient likes it and the greater the benefit he derives. I have myself slept out when the thermometer registered ten degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. Last winter, at the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, six patients, including one lady, slept out (with marked benefit) even when the mercury reached thirty below. A woolen head-gear with opening for the nose, warm night-clothes, woolen sheets, not many blankets over one, but two or more warm mattresses (cotton, wool, or feathers) underneath, are all that is necessary to make one comfortable and luxurious.

Sleeping out-of-doors has hitherto been more common in California and Colorado than in the East, but Dr. Millet, of Brockton, Massachusetts, has proved in his sanatorium that it is possible in New England, and his example has been widely followed. It may now be pretty confidently asserted that it is feasible and beneficial in all climates and seasons. The patient, instead of catching cold, as the uninitiated always fear, becomes almost absolutely immune to colds. The only ill effects thus far observed seem to be occasional neuralgia and catarrh (both of which are avoidable if the bed is sufficiently protected from wind) and frost-bites of the nose or ears, which likewise may be avoided by proper protection. One determined lady in Colorado, with a thin, aquiline nose, used to protect that member by a nose-mask which gave her the appearance of a football-player. Such treatment could, of course, be followed at home, and sometimes is, but until the old prejudices against night air, dampness, and infinitesimal "draughts" are abolished (and in order to help abolish them) we need numerous sanatoria. The first State to establish a State sanatorium was Massachusetts. At Rutland there is a large State institution, and a very successful one. Rhode Island is contemplating one; New York has a half-million-dollar institution under way; New Jersey is reported to have appropriated $300,000 for the same purpose; Delaware, Maryland, Illinois, and Michigan, and a great many individual cities, as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, New Haven, Scranton, Chicago, St. Paul, and Montreal, are making an active crusade against the disease. A great deal of money has already been given by philanthropists toward this object. In Philadelphia Mr. Phipps alone has given $1,000,000 for the purpose of eradicating the disease in that city; for the object of this movement is not simply to cure a few consumptives, but ultimately to wipe off the disease from the face of the earth.

The treatment does not consist of fresh air alone, but of four principal "cures;" viz., air cure, food cure, rest cure, and mind cure. The air cure is the most important. One can go without air but a few minutes without dying, whereas one may go without food for a month before death occurs. Moreover, we inhale from the atmosphere daily, or ought to, 1¾ pounds of oxygen, which is more than the absorption of food that goes on even in a working man. But in order to absorb enough oxygen to maintain vigorous health, it is necessary to breathe pure air twenty-four hours a day. The ordinary city man breathes impure air more than twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four. This is the great predisposing cause of tuberculosis, and in fact, for that matter, of every disease. The consumptive sanatorium provides pure air, partly by ventilation, but mainly by the much simpler and more effective method of keeping its patients out-of-doors eight or ten hours in the daytime, and, if possible, ten hours at night. The devices to secure this result are numerous and interesting. A covered porch protected from the wind on one, or at most two, sides is the first requisite for day use. A reclining

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chair, and for winter a fur coat and blankets, with "pontiacs" and moccasins for the legs and feet, complete the outfit. Snugly ensconced in such a cozy corner, the invalid finds himself independent of wind, rain, fog, or snow, and spends his days in resting, talking and playing games with his companions, or in reading or writing. The monotony is broken by occasional drives or walks and by meals to which he usually comes with a keen appetite. At night he returns perhaps to the same porch for a good sound sleep in Nature's delightful, pure, life-giving "night air." A curtain, which in a storm can be rolled up from the bottom by means of a cord running to the head of the bed, may be placed at the exposed side, but under ordinary circumstances should not be used. In the rainless months of Colorado the invalid may spread his sleeping-bag, camp bed, or cowboy tarpaulin under the stars and go to sleep to the barking of coyotes and awake with the morning twilight and the birds, always with a peculiar sense, like a sublimated sense of taste, of that wonderful air, "strong as wine and pure as water." Thus does he get close to Nature. Or he may sleep in a tent, though too often he shuts his tent up like a room. It is a cardinal error to think that a tent ventilates itself "through the meshes of the canvas." The fact is that canvas is far more impervious to air than almost any other cloth. This is why it makes good sails. An ordinary "A" tent or wall tent with ridge-pole, to be of real use must be open at both ends and have an open space all around, between the floor and the tent walls. Even then this tent is inferior to the Gardiner tent, with outlets for air in the top and inlets around the edge of its circular floor; for the breath rises, being considerably warmer than the surrounding air, and only needs the slightest encouragement to be carried out at the top and thus prevented from returning to the nose. The tent of Dr. Gardiner was suggested by the Indian tepee. In this way does civilized man confess the necessity of regaining health by recourse to the primitive life of barbarians! The same up-draught principle is employed in the Holmes tent, the Munson army tent, and a tent which I have recently constructed. Not a bad way of sleeping out is to project the head of the bed or cot out of the window. Still another good way is to place the bed directly under a window, wide open at the top, which, however, only secures absolutely pure air if another window on a different side of the room is also open, so that the sleeper lies directly *under* (but not necessarily *in*) a draught.

Next to the air cure comes the food cure. Air supplies only oxygen; food supplies more than a dozen other chemical elements. A consumptive needs a great deal of food, and he needs to eat it with his stomach rested. Consequently the food cure consists first of all in going to one's meals rested. Patients in sanatoria are often required to lie down an hour before each meal. They are taught to eat slowly, to eat a moderate and well-selected variety, to eat especially nitrogenous foods, such as meat and eggs, and to take a great deal of milk. The quantity that can be consumed when the stomach is rested and the disease calls for the food to fight it is astonishing. I knew a person in the Adirondacks who, after a hearty meal, took a glass of milk and three raw eggs three times a day. The Maine Board of Health reports the case of a lady who consumed a dozen raw eggs after each meal, or thirty-six in the course of twenty-four hours! To a well person, without any consuming disease to use up this fuel, such a diet would be suicidal.

Next, as to the rest cure. It used to be supposed that a consumptive needed exercise, and in the old days many a consumptive killed himself by horseback, rowing, or some other violent form of exercise. It is true that exercise is beneficial, but it should always be within the fatigue limit, and for the consumptive that limit is never far off. In numerous cases a relapse has been caused by a sudden over-exertion. This is one of the chief reasons why, outside of sanatoria, consumptives so rarely get well. They ack the self-control to keep within their strength.

Finally, as to the mind cure. Consumptives can be quite as nervous as other people, popular opinion to the

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contrary notwithstanding. Mental depression is one of the worst foes they have to fight and overcome. Those I have known who have gotten well fastest have been precisely those who have thought least about themselves and who have been the most cheerful. The most remarkable case of cure I ever saw was of a man in the Adirondacks, who, after being there a short time, said that he had learned how to dispense with worry altogether. He used to go about and comfort others, and on a gloomy, wet day he would say, "This is the kind of day when you need to be twice as cheerful." That man was very ill, but he got well with prodigious rapidity. Many a consumptive has really recovered without knowing it, but kept in a state of nervous depression for months or even years, imagining always that it was his lungs that were at fault, when as a matter of fact it was simply his nerves, or rather his mind. A peaceful, trustful, care-free mind promotes digestion, guarantees sleep, and quickens all the functions of the body. Cheerful amusements, companionship, and reading are important aids. But the main thing is for the patient himself to acquire the knack of "dropping" his troubles.

These four features, then, the air, food, rest, and mind cures, combined with due use of sunlight, bathing, clothing, etc., constitute the modern sanatorium treatment, destined, I believe, to have far-reaching and profound influence not only in diminishing and ultimately eradicating tuberculosis, but in likewise ridding us of other diseases, lengthening human life and making it healthier and more worth living. Already the death-rate from tuberculosis is rapidly decreasing. In England it declined in seventy years from 39 per 10,000 of population to 13. Although sanatoria did not exist in the early part of this period, England did have (and was the first country to introduce) consumptive hospitals which served like isolation wards to prevent the spread of infection. These hospitals, together with the English love of out-of-door sports and use of ventilating appliances and open fireplaces, are probably the explanation of their growing freedom from consumption. In France the conditions and results are both opposite. In Germany, during the last fifteen years, the death-rate has declined from 31 to 19½—a full third less. In the United States the death-rate in 1900, in the area for which registration has been well kept, was 19, as against 26 in 1890, showing a decline of twenty-five per cent. in ten years. It is no losing fight which is being made against the disease. Every blow tells, and it is a conservative prediction that the next three decades will each see more remarkable improvement. Many more sanatoria are needed. Any one institution can do but little, although a single sanatorium of Germany records 208 living graduates of three years' standing or more.

It must never be forgotten that a chief, I would like to say *the* chief, effect of the increasing number of sanatoria distributed throughout the world will be not on their patients but on their neighborhood. They will gradually effect a revolution in the habits of living of the community. This is my hope and belief. Nor is it a dream only. The effects are already plainly visible. As Dr. Knopf has pointed out, in Germany the deaths from consumption have enormously decreased in localities where consumptive sanatoria have long been established, for the reason that the sanatorium has been an object-lesson and its graduates unconscious missionaries. Such a sanatorium is not a menace to public health, as many foolishly fear, but an efficient means of improving sanitary and hygienic conditions and habits.

The methods of such an institution are not "specific" for tuberculosis; they are simply the methods of living which produce and maintain general health, and which all who wish to improve their vitality should adopt. In short, well-conducted consumptive sanatoria are to-day the greatest practical schools of hygiene in the world. Already their methods have been adopted in the treatment of nervous prostration and other chronic ailments. A wide observation also shows that people who keep well, live long, and have abundant working power are almost invariably persons

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who have followed, unconsciously it may be, some or all of the four cardinal principles of hygiene. The hale and hard-working Mayor of Toledo habitually sleeps out-of-doors. Whole families that I know in California and Colorado do likewise and maintain an enviable level of good health. A few in New England follow the same methods and obtain the same results. I have examined the facts about many centenarians. Most of them follow out-of-door vocations, or, if not, have out-of-door avocations. Thus a banker centenarian was passionately devoted to gardening. Nor have they followed air-hygiene alone. Almost invariably they have avoided worry; that is, they have practiced mind-hygiene. One attributes his longevity to thorough mastication; here is food-hygiene. Another assigns sound sleep — rest-hygiene.

Just as long-lived people witness to the truth of the four cardinal rules of hygiene by their conformity to them, so short-lived people prove their truth by breaking them. Who are the invalids who fill the health resorts of Colorado and California? Invariably the victims of indoor life, of food-bolting, of overwork, and of worry. I have often wondered what would happen to the human race if it should suddenly adopt sleeping out-of-doors, ventilating dwellings, factories, and schools, taking proper time for meals, learning the art of relaxation and the habit of equanimity. It is certain that life would be longer, and also fuller. Professor Shaler, of Harvard, says that the normal duration of life for mammals is five times the growing period. Horned cattle take about four years to mature, and they live about twenty. Horses take five or six years, and live nearly thirty. Elephants mature in forty, and live two hundred years. Man, according to Professor Shaler's criteria, takes about thirty years to come to his full maturity, and by this calculation ought to live to be a hundred and fifty. This may never happen and may be physiologically impossible, but we have wandered so far from nature that there is certainly room for much improvement between the forty-one years which is the average lifetime of an American and the hundred and fifty years just mentioned.

Before any great progress can be made, however, our change of habits must be radical, however gradually adopted. We must open our bedroom windows wider, and at the tops rather than at the bottoms. We must substitute electric lights for oil and gas, one jet of which is the equivalent of three or four persons in its power to vitiate the air. We must learn anew what pure air is and insist on having it, not only at home but in our offices, our clubs, theaters, churches, and sleeping-cars, and, above all, in our factories and our schools. We must lengthen our lunch hours and our hours of sleep and recreation. We shall find that our work will go better and faster, and more will be accomplished in the end. We must take up seriously, and religiously even, the cultivation of healthy mental attitudes and the consequent elimination of fear, anger, depression, and other morbid states. We must be "born again." Such thorough change of heart must of necessity come slowly. An important force to bring it about is the desire of parents to bring up their children with the advantages of modern hygiene. But the parents themselves must first learn what that hygiene is. To show them is one of the tasks of the new sanatoria.

We see, then, that the modern crusade against consumption means more than appears on the surface. It means, to be sure, the saving of the lives of many afflicted with the "great white plague," but it means, further, a continual lessening in the numbers thus afflicted. It means the destruction of billions of our microscopic foes, and the strengthening of our physiological defenses against them. It means more attention by our medical schools and family physicians to hygiene and preventive medicine, and less to drugs. It means that tuberculosis will soon be dethroned from its position as chief of the diseases, and ultimately eradicated altogether. It means that other diseases will follow; that, as Pasteur has said, "it is in the power of man to rid himself of every parasitic disease." It means that human life will be longer, and, what is better,

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healthier, happier, and more useful. It means that together with physical health will come increased mental, moral, and spiritual health. It means, in short, that a long step will have been taken toward the regeneration of the world.

The Women of America[1]

Third Paper—The Southern Woman and Reconstruction

By Elizabeth McCracken

IN the South to-day there are women whose girlhood dates back to the time before the Civil War; women who were themselves parts of a civilization never surpassed in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, a civilization the grace and charm and fineness of which have been the themes for many stories told to the little Southern girls of succeeding generations, as they sat at the feet of their elders and touched, with fingers taught to be reverent, a slender chain of pearls, or a quaint brooch, or a delicate bit of lace, sole relics of a grandmother's gay, youthful splendor. Every Southern woman of the present generation has listened many times during her life to these bright chronicles; they are her heirlooms. Throughout all the grief and horror of war, her grandmother faithfully kept these memories for her mother; and, no less faithfully, her mother cherished them and gave them in time to her, untarnished, unspoiled.

She kept not only memories, the grandmother of the Southern woman of to-day. Her jewels she lost, or by reason of her poverty was forced to pawn; the family silver, the rare old books and pictures, and beautiful house-furnishings, went a similar way; her home, the birthplace of her race, as dear to her as her children, she saw burned before her eyes, to gratify the insensate impulses of persons never in happier times admitted within its doors; her rose-vines were trampled beneath alien feet. Her husband returned from the war, if he returned, broken-hearted and old; to live, if he lived, amid the ruin and the desolation of a land once so proud, once so rich. She lost much, the Southern woman of that day; how much, even her granddaughter can never quite count; but, also, she retained much. Impoverished as she became, the children and the grandchildren of her family did not lack their inheritance—"the brave form, and the bright mind, and the great heart—all the world calls rank." These no true woman of the South lost; these she gave to her daughter; and these are the priceless inheritance of her granddaughter, the Southern woman of to-day. Only yesterday I said to a Southern woman of the present generation, "What do you value most of all that you have?" Without an instant's hesitation, she replied, "The standards by which generations of my family were bred."

The cherished traditions, the no less valued memories, are not quite all the inheritance. The woman who recalls, with a woman's memory, the years before the war, recollects, too, the years of the war, and the years of the Reconstruction period after the war. Perhaps these latter years she remembers more vividly than the others, for the iron of the time entered very deeply into her soul; so deeply that she could not hide it from her daughter; so deeply that it touches her granddaughter. It is a portion of her granddaughter's inheritance; from it she can never be severed; even in her happiest hours she must feel always, if not its bitterness, still its pain.

Those women of the South of to-day, who—to a degree beyond the imagination of any one unacquainted with the facts—possess this heritage, are, more than any other persons or forces in the country, helping to effect that reconstruction of the Southern States which,

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completed in 1870, has since been practically overthrown, and at the present time is one of the gravest and most difficult of National problems. Last spring, when, after many years' absence, I returned to the South, it was this change in the temper of the South which, of so many instantly discernible changes, impressed me most. I visited six Southern States, each one already familiar to me, either because I had myself once lived in it, or because persons intimately known to me belonged to it in the passionately unalienable manner in which all Southerners, irrespective of the places wherein they may chance to reside, belong unalterably to the native States of their forefathers. I sought those men and women whom I had reason to believe not only knew, but would tell me much that I had not yet been told, even by them, about the Old and the New South; who would tell it unreservedly, realizing that I, a Southerner like themselves, could not hear it easily, nor repeat it very lightly. As I had expected, they told me many things; and all these things strengthened my conviction that the Southern women, living in the South to-day, are taking the initiative in helping their States to forget the war, and in urging the whole South to look, not backward into the past, but forward toward the future.

One evening last April I was listening to a long account of the taking of New Orleans which an old friend, a veteran of the Confederate army, had been giving me as we sat on the steps beneath the roses which again blossom over the galleries of his Southern home, when another friend, leaving the group on the steps of her own house a little way down the street, came and interrupted the "old story of the former day" by questioning me as to the arrangements for the benefit of negroes made in public libraries of the North.

It was a subject upon which I was able to give her very slight accurate information. After promising to investigate, and to write to her regarding the matter as soon as I had acquired some definite knowledge of it, I said, "Do you mind telling me why you ask?"

"Not at all," she replied. "I want to know because we ought to do something about it down here. Of course, as things are, we can't allow the privileges of our public library here to the negroes. And yet they must have books."

"Do they want them?" I said, rather wonderingly, for I had received a different impression of the negroes of the community.

"No," said my friend, frankly, "they don't; but they *ought* to want them. The only thing to do is to educate them to want them. The only thing to do with the negroes, anyway, is to educate them. It's their only chance; and it's our only hope." She was silent for a long interval. The veteran of the Confederate forces looked at her keenly for a moment. Then he arose, and, gathering several of his choicest roses, held them out to her with stately courtesy.

"Whatever you say about it is right," he said.

When she had gone, her white gown "glimmering through the laurels, in the quiet evenfall," my old friend did not resume his recital of the taking of New Orleans. He busied himself with the rose-trellis for a brief time; and then, turning to me, he exclaimed, in a low voice, "There is no need for anxiety about the South while such women as that woman belong to it!"

Then he told me the story, of which no faintest suggestion had ever before come to me, though many of my childhood's hours had been spent in listening to stories of the past, recounted, not only by this woman herself, but also by her friends. Her husband, my friend the veteran said—and this much I had always known—was the youngest son of one of the proudest families of the entire South. She had married him at the beginning of the war, the very morning before he, a mere boy, rode away so confidently, so bravely, to share whatever good or ill might befall the soldiers of his State. When peace was declared, he returned, and, after a few piteous months, died in the solitary negro cabin which of all the beautiful estate of his family alone remained. "He died as a man of his race would," my old friend said, "defeated but not conquered; the

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name of his State and the name of General Lee on his lips."

"And afterward?" I questioned.

"Afterward—his wife had no one to help her. She clothed him in his uniform; and, utterly unprotected, for her natural protectors were dead or in prison, she watched beside his body for two days and a night, until the time for his burial. And the negroes and the adventurers from the North came and looked in at the window of the cabin, and jeered, and threatened her. But she did not quail; none of her family ever did. After his funeral she used to run morning after morning to his grave—the grave she went through unspeakable agonies to get—to see if it had been molested. The negroes used to follow her; but I suppose God didn't altogether forget the South; for the negroes didn't hurt her, and they didn't touch the grave." Too shaken to continue, my old friend the veteran ceased.

A girl playing with a child in the neighboring garden broke the silence with a soft laugh. My friend started; and then he said, with deep feeling: "And that woman, with such memories as I have told you of negroes; that woman, the flower of her family, around the dead body of whose husband, the pride of his family, negroes gathered to insult him and her, that woman comes over to talk about getting a library here for negroes, and educating them!"

"She has helped all the plans for their education here as much as she could," I said, remembering how earnestly she had advocated kindergartens for negro children and sewing classes for negro girls.

"She certainly has," said my friend; "and," he added, "she is always telling *me* that the thing to do is not to keep negroes from voting, but to teach them, so they can vote."

"The very theory of representative Northerners!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said the veteran, his fine head erect, "it is! I need not tell *you*," he went on, "that it is not a theory which any Northerner, no matter how representative, could with impunity mention to me!" His voice softened as he concluded: "But if that woman, with her background, her experience, can suggest it, I—any Southern gentleman—will listen to it with respect, with regard, and, in time, even follow it!"

From a man who gave all that he possessed to the Confederacy; who to the day of Mr. Davis's death referred to him invariably as "the President;" who, in small matters as well as in large, has remained unswervingly loyal to the opinions of the Old South, these words are of the deepest significance. The decrees of Congress, the views of Northerners whom he confessed to be his equals, he had habitually refused to admit into his consideration of the problem of the negro's political and human rights; but from the woman of his race, whose sorrow, the sorrow of many another Southern woman of her time, he had seen, he was willing to accept actual guidance.

At the present day, in the South, she is not exceptional. Other women, with scarcely less terrible memories, are doing as great service. I remember, among the friends of my childhood, a woman who never failed to discourage in the children of her neighbors the bitterness which another friend occasionally stimulated. When a little girl in one family was permitted to have a frock made of the Confederate gray, and a little girl of another family besought her mother to provide her with a similar garment, it was this friend who interrupted the child's pleading. "The Confederate gray was for the soldiers, in warfare," she said, gently, "not for little children in time of peace! The war is over now, and we must try really to have peace."

She was very tenderly fond of little children, particularly little girls; she had no daughters of her own; and though I saw her almost daily during a number of years, I did not hear until a few months ago that she had once had a daughter. The little girl was her first child, born at the beginning of the war. Her husband was away in the army, and the town in which she lived had been captured by the enemy. The young mother, desperately ill as the result of anxiety, exposure, and insufficient nourishment, was unable to give nutriment to her child; and the baby, only three days old, was fed upon hard-tack soft-

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ened in water, all the food that could be obtained either for the mother or the child. The little girl died; but the mother struggled back to life, her spirit so unbroken, her vision so clear, that even when surrounded by the happy, healthy little daughters of her friends, she could still speak the sane word and lead in the right direction.

A woman of her family, to see whom I took in April a two days' journey, told me of many things that she had said and done to improve conditions in her town; how decidedly she had condemned the various ruses by which the negroes on election days were frightened from the polls; with what earnestness she had striven to reconcile her family to new circumstances; how friendly she had tried to be to the Northern women who, coming to the South to teach in negro schools, had been ostracized by so many Southerners. "She forgave so much," her relative said, reverently; "she was a grand woman."

"And you?" I asked, presently.

The woman of my friend's family did not fall short of her kinswoman's standard. "I? I'm not grand, but when I remember how *she* suffered, I haven't the heart not to give up my prejudices and help to make things as she thought they ought to be," she said, simply.

She did not tell me much of what she, with tireless industry, tried to do to help in reconstructing her neighborhood; for, like all her family, she was reserved and modest; but her friends told me. In her community, hers is the progressive spirit; she does what she can, and it is much.

In return for the numerous questions I put to her, she asked me, I recollect, if I had ever conversed with Mr. Booker Washington, and if I knew the opinions of educators in the North concerning his theories in comparison with those of Mr. Du Bois. She not only advised me to visit the rural negro schools in the South, but gave me every assistance in carrying out her suggestion. If the immensity of the Southern problem oppressed her, the necessity for its solution by the people of the South, themselves, was perfectly clear to her. As she said, no Northerner of to-day, however open-minded and sympathetic, can possibly comprehend fully the present situation in the South.

"We must right things, ourselves," she said. Recalling to mind that older woman of her family, I can but believe that, more than any other influence, it was her voice, silent now, which taught this younger woman of her race to feel that things should be righted.

One of the most beautiful, and one of the most pathetic, services which any woman ever rendered to any nation, the mother of the Southern woman of to-day rendered to the American nation, when she shielded her daughter from a too-early knowledge of the sorrows of her people. No little Southern girl saw aught that could be hidden from her eyes; no girlish life was clouded and embittered through any words that a Southern mother spoke. When the Southern woman of the present generation came into her womanhood, then, and not until then, was the full weight of the truth brought to bear upon her. Then she learned what particular circumstance had left her mother so fragile physically; what especial memory gave to her mother's eyes such depth; what definite incident had stilled her mother's laugh. The knowledge, so long delayed, had lost somewhat of its bitterness; it left the younger woman, as the older woman had hoped, the more able to help in the righting of the wrong.

When I asked, last May, what woman was most active in the philanthropic work of a somewhat large Southern city, the name instantly mentioned was that of the daughter of a woman of whom I knew this story: The war had taken from her, as it had taken from so many others, all her fortune. She, sensitively made, delicately reared, endured many hardships. One day, during a very warm summer which she was spending with her children away from the city, her youngest child died. Having no means with which to do otherwise, she dressed the little child as she so often had dressed it in its lifetime, and, holding it closely in her arms, went to the city wherein was the burying-ground of her family.

Her daughter is the inspiration of a great work for the desolate and forsaken,

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carried on to-day in the large city in which she lives. The one time that I met her, I remember distinctly. I was a child and I gave her a handful of roses; after thanking me, she told me how lovely had been the flowers in the garden in which she had played as a little girl, and how particularly sweet had been her mother's roses. She knew the other story—ah, she knew it well—but she told me about the flowers among which her mother had been brave enough to send her to play, while she, alone, with only her little dead baby, went on the journey to the burying-ground of her family.

"It is a marvel that any of the Southern women lived, that all the children did not die," one of my friends exclaimed recently. She herself was a baby ten days old when General Sherman's army raided the town of her birth. Her mother, still very ill, was obliged to leave her sick-bed in order to escape the flames of her house, to which the soldiers set fire. In her weakness and fright, she lost sight of the negro nurse to whose charge she had given her baby. Too exhausted to go in search of the child, she sank down upon the steps of a church. An officer, taking compassion upon her distress, went himself, guided by the mother's description, to seek the nurse; and, as my friend said in telling the story, miraculously found her in the crowd, and returned to the mother, holding the baby before him on his horse.

This is only one of many stories that my friend has told me of her life throughout the years clustering around the Civil War. Of all her stories, it is, perhaps, the least sad. Yet, not only in her own city, but in her State as a whole, to-day, she is one of the most potent influences in favor of the New Reconstruction. Not only does she hold the theory that the salvation of the South can be effected only by the making of the negro into a self-respecting citizen, but, in so far as she can, puts the theory into practice. Just before I visited her in the spring, a negro, upon her recommendation, had been given an important semi-public piece of work, for which he had shown himself capable, and given it, furthermore, in preference to a white man who had applied for the contract, but was known to be inefficient.

She encouraged me to talk with her young sons about conditions in the North; and, as explicitly as I could, to acquaint them with the standpoints of Northerners with respect to the difficulties of the South. My own personal trust in the judgment of representative Northerners she was not ill pleased to hear me mention to her Southern boys; and when I said that such Northerners were unfailing in their good will toward the South; that they felt a true sympathy with Southerners; and that they wished, not to direct Southern affairs, but to assist the people of the South in their political troubles, my friend, allied by the closest bonds to all those persons, to all those events, to all those traditions, to all those memories that hold a Southern woman of to-day to the past, said, "I am glad to have my sons see that view of the question."

It must not be understood that Southern women, even of to-day, have lost their sectional prejudices. They are still not quite so much American women as they are Virginians or South Carolinians. A Northern man once asked me why Southerners of to-day are proud of that circumstance of ancestry which makes them members of a Southern State. Another Northern man suggested that it was loyalty; but when I repeated this explanation to a Southern woman, she smiled slowly. "Loyalty!" she reiterated, "it is not loyalty which makes us proud; it is pride which makes us loyal!" Then she added, "Who could help being proud to belong to a State which could claim as its own such families as made the South what it was, and are making it what it is—families whose women no less than its men have borne themselves always, even amid the downfall of their country, as conquerors, not as conquered!" It is this sentiment, justifiable or not to the Northerner, as the case may be, but deeply rooted in the South, which has impelled the women of the South to place above the portraits of Mr. Davis and General Lee, and over the Confederate battle-flags, wreaths of laurel. However completely any woman of the South of to-day may have come to acknowledge the rightness of Presi-

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dent Lincoln's doctrine, a portrait of President Lincoln cannot yet find a place in her home; however loyal she may have grown to the American flag, the Confederate flag cannot lose its place—its honored place—in her heart and in her house. She is an American woman—an American woman of the South.

The phrase implies so much! All that it holds is not sorrowful, not even somber. That outward aspect of the Southern life of to-day which so delights Northern visitors is not so much a relic of the past as it is a beginning of the future. The beautiful old civilization has vanished; and in its stead is rising up the new civilization, with its promise of a greater, nobler beauty. If the former charm is lost, a truer loveliness is being found; for the people of the South, women as well as men, are slowly gaining in public spirit, and extending their love and their loyalty beyond one native State to the whole United States. They are becoming, not less Southern, but more American. Surely a rose-leafy charm were little to relinquish for so great a good as this!

But is the flower-like grace of Southern custom a mere tradition? Does it not still prevail? Northerners are the first to assure us that it does! They return from visits to the South, praising the gracious hospitality of Southern women, the old-school courtesy of Southern men, the sweetness of Southern children. Indeed, Northerners boast of the qualities of Southerners, particularly of Southern women, more than Southerners ever do, even in their thoughts.

What Southern woman of to-day has not been scrutinized more than once by the keen eyes of some old friend of her mother's youth, and then informed: "You are all very well, my dear, but you will never be the equal of your mother!" The very fact of her mother's superiority over herself is a Southern woman's most treasured pride. The fairy tales of her childhood were chiefly stories of her mother's girlish beauty and grace, as the annals of her womanhood are largely recitals of her mother's courage and strength. How could she fail to recognize in her mother her superior? It may possibly be that her recognition of it has helped her to become a woman perhaps not undeserving of all the encomiums of her Northern guests.

How charming, after all, even to a Southerner, to whom it is so wonted, is the nonchalant gracefulness of Southern life! Not very long ago, several Southern families spent a summer in a small New England town. These families were unused to New England, and while in that town lived, they told me, in a constant condition of surprise and expectation, never knowing what the townspeople might do next. After hearing about that summer from the daughter of one family, I venture to say that the townspeople lived in much the same attitude of mind with regard to their Southern visitors.

My friend realized this in some measure, for she remarked plaintively that a New England neighbor, meeting her one morning as she was crossing the road with a cup of coffee in one hand and a piece of toast in the other, looked "as though she couldn't believe her eyes."

"She couldn't," I said; and then I asked, "How did you happen to have the coffee and toast with you?"

"Why," my friend exclaimed, "while I was at breakfast, I thought of something I wanted to speak about to one of the home families boarding across the street."

"You might have left your coffee-cup at home," I said, reproachfully.

"But I hadn't finished my coffee," she said, as though that ended the argument.

So far as she was concerned, it did end it. In her town in the South, not only the congregation, but also the rector, and the bishop too, if he happens to be present, as they leisurely return from the early morning service, stop in for breakfast, as my friend often mentions, at the house "of any one living near enough to the church." Do congregations and rectors and bishops in New England ever, as they are returning from church, go casually in to partake of breakfast with their friends, however conveniently near the dwellings of those friends may be to the church?

One morning last May, while I was visiting a friend in a little Southern

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town, another friend called, and being, needless to say, cordially invited to remain to luncheon, began to accept with equal pleasure, when suddenly she remembered that she had ordered that day an especially delicious dessert for luncheon at her own home. "What shall I do?" she asked. "Will all of you come over to my house, instead of my staying here, or shall I send over for the dessert and the rest of my family?" Do questions such as these arise in Northern villages?

A more remote town to which I journeyed had retained much of the old-world habit in smaller things, though in graver matters it revealed the presence of the new-world spirit. The public carriage in which I went one day to return calls had once been a family coach; and the cabman, in spite of his occupation, was a person with traditions. He took me, three times, past one house to which he knew I wished to go, before finally he stopped at its doors, the reason being that precedence obtained yet in the town—formal calls must be made according to a certain established sequence. My cabman told me a great deal about the place, as he took me, with due regard for proper usage, to return the calls of its residents. When he left me safely in the train, at the time of my departure, he bowed and said, "Madam, I hope we shall have the pleasurable honor of seeing you here again soon." In remote New England towns are there cabmen like that cabman? and do we call upon our acquaintances after the manner, and with the ceremonials, of courts?

That particular Southern town has kept, unchanged, the social custom of the old civilization. As an occasional visitor to it says, "It hasn't been touched since the war." The reason for this is perhaps, principally, the fact that it was not seriously injured by the war. There are a few such towns in the South, but there are many more whose social fabric was not only touched but torn to shreds by the war. Material prosperity had for so long been enjoyed by those persons who comprised the aristocracy of the Old South that it had unconsciously helped to make a social tradition which could no longer be followed when, in lieu of affluence, the direst poverty fell upon the people who had made the society of the South. Like the political situation, the social situation of the South, disorganized by the war, has not yet had time to reorganize itself. That the reorganization in both instances must be upon a different basis no true Southerner doubts; what that basis will eventually be not even the wisest prophet can quite tell.

That the South has a future as great as her past no American questions. If some earnest Americans not of the South see occasion for discouragement in the present condition of political opinion in the South, they see it perhaps partly because no Southerner can yet discuss fully with any person excepting another Southerner the problem of the South. A partial view is always disheartening; but that sad barrier which the war put between people who, whether Northern or Southern, were all American, sometimes makes itself felt still; and Southerners find themselves reticent even with Northerners who are their warm personal friends, of whose understanding and sympathy they are certain.

I asked a Southern woman recently why she thought this was the case. "Northerners do understand sometimes, they do sympathize," she agreed with me, "but," she added, "it is not their problem. They understand it because they are broad-minded, they sympathize because they are human; but we—we know because we have suffered from it."

But is it not a great deal gained that the North and the South, if not yet intimate, are at least friendly once more? Will not the complex problem be solved that much more easily, and the barrier be forgotten all the sooner?

The New Reconstruction is beginning in the South, and the future of the South promises a brightness as great as the hope of its present. The Southern woman of yesterday did much to bring about this better condition of things, and the Southern woman of to-day is endeavoring, as Southern women traditionally have endeavored, to be a daughter not all unworthy of her mother; to bear herself bravely; to do her part.

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Undigested Securities in Education

By John Trowbridge

The following article by Professor John Trowbridge, S.D., Director of the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, Harvard University, will appeal not only to Harvard men who have known Dr. Trowbridge as a teacher, but to that wider circle of readers who have long found in Dr. Trowbridge's name a synonym of authority in everything pertaining to his own special scientific pursuits.—THE EDITORS.

THE professors who are brought in contact with graduate students in scientific schools or technical schools are impressed by the disinclination of the students to lay a deep foundation in mathematics and physics for the profession of engineering. Especially is this true of the men who are crowding into electrical engineering. The remark is often heard: "There is no money in the scientific side of the profession. I want to get into the business side of electricity, and desire only an insight of the scientific processes; for I can hire an expert in electricity or in chemistry who can do the theoretical and the mathematical for me."

The feeling thus expressed is widespread, I believe, and consequently the number of graduate students who are pursuing higher work in science in our scientific schools or graduate departments of our universities, and thus laying a strong scientific foundation for the career of, for instance, an electrical engineer, is very small.

The cause of this low ideal is largely due to the haste to get rich which has seized the American more forcibly than any epidemic of the grippe. Have we not, however, in our schools both high and low, put more before the student than he can digest? When we examine the courses offered in our scientific and technical schools, we find a most elaborate intellectual menu, and we are led to think of undigested securities in education which have caused an intellectual dyspepsia.

An oaten diet has often produced stalwart men, and the intellectual strength of most strong men of our acquaintance has been the result of intense devotion to comparatively few studies. One smiles with pity at the child who moves a bookmark forward the same number of pages in a treatise of history every day with the belief that substantial intellectual progress is being made; yet the more mature student who divides his time rigidly between a large number of studies, thinking that he is making progress commensurate with the number of his studies, is still a child, and must have intellectual indigestion in the course of time.

As advisers and contrivers of courses of study, are not more mature persons, professors and instructors, partly to blame for this attitude of young men? We practically encourage a student to take a large number of courses by arranging a varied curriculum.

The electrical engineer rarely continues his theoretical or mathematical study after graduation. His only chance, therefore, of getting a strong foundation in mathematical and physical science is while at school or college. Without this foundation the average man will be hopelessly handicapped in keeping abreast with the advances of science. Moreover, the great electrical industries are opening night schools to train apprentices or sons of operatives in the ordinary measurements of electricity. The poorly trained graduate of a technical or scientific school will have to compete with these young men who are brought up in the business and who are already in line for promotion. The only chance of a college-bred man or a graduate of a technical school lies in his having a better foundation for his profession than the apprentice. The public will not take undigested securities in education.

The half-trained man having taken up the business side of a scientific profession often finds himself without business. Consolidation of interests, new

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inventions, speculation, and all the vicissitudes of business life may come, and then the half-trained scientist is like a man in a flood floating hither and thither, attaching himself to whatever offers, instead of swimming steadily to some definite end. There would be fewer wrecks if there were better-trained men in America; and while we continue to stimulate the intellectual palate of our students with a great variety of courses, we shall contribute to superficiality, and at the same time impoverish our technical schools, for every new course requires expenditures, often at the expense of the standard studies which are essential to a solid foundation.

The inflation in the business world thus has its parallel in our scientific and technical schools, and the conservative student who aims to rise to the top of his scientific profession will inevitably be found investing his time in a few solid studies. The average student who proposes to enter the profession of engineering could devote two years exclusively to mathematics, physics, and chemistry to great advantage. At the present time such an average student is pursuing at least six studies during the academic year.

The Cambridge Modern History[1]

THE specialization of history which, as a new departure in the treatment of an exuberant and widening field, is now being worked out in the series planned by the late Lord Acton, has its advantages in exhibiting the stages and phases of our National development from scattered settlements on the edge of an unknown continent into one of the world powers. The twenty-three chapters of this volume are written by thirteen specialists, among whom the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, and Ohio are represented. The political history is, of course, the main theme, but it is supplemented by important chapters on the constitutional, economic, and intellectual development. Three chapters on the Civil War are from the pen of the late John G. Nicolay, and these also are supplemented by chapters on the North and on the South during the war. The political and economic history since that time, and the coming of the Nation into the field of world politics as at present, are treated with all desirable fullness, and with an impartial estimate of diverging views, as, for example, concerning the tariff and the trusts. In short, an encyclopædic work is added to the standard works on our National history.

The history of our own times is always of prominent interest to those who have borne part in it, especially as present events and policies are seen to be the fruit of events and policies in which men now living have borne a part. Hence, and as illuminating the existing conditions of the race problem in the South, the chapter by Professor Smith, of the Ohio State University, on the reconstruction that followed the Civil War is eminently conducive to a judicious estimate of the present as the outcome of acts "deciding the history of the country for the next generation." Furthermore, this chapter affords ground for a hopeful augury of the ultimate issue of present conditions, however serious they be deemed, by its record of the far darker conditions prevalent in the days of the "carpetbaggers" and the "Ku-Klux" thirty years ago.

President Wilson, of Princeton, has contributed another chapter of similar importance on the decade that ushered in the Civil War. Few have gone at once so impartially and so deeply to the underlying causes of that calamity. Great economic changes had created a National spirit throughout the North. The South, untouched by these, lingered in the original view of the Constitution as a mere document available for the common interests of sovereign States. It was impossible for the two sections any longer to interpret the Constitution

[1] *The Cambridge Modern History.* Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL.D. Vol. VII., The United States. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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alike, as they had originally done, and this antagonism had at bottom economic causes on both sides. On the surface the issue was slavery. President Wilson is disposed to regard Stephen A. Douglas as the man responsible for firing the train that led to the explosion, and in this he seems to us quite right.

A few minor criticisms might be made. Chief among these is an objection to Professor Smith's estimate of the Electoral Commission, which awarded the Presidency to Hayes, as "permeated with blind partisanship and tainted with rumors of corruption, and . . . a discreditable episode for nearly every one engaged in it with the exception of Hayes himself." This is quite too much in the spirit of party journals of that time, with no more basis in ascertainable fact than the unfortunate division of the Commission on party lines, 8 to 7. This is not identical with "blind partisanship" on one side more than on the other; and there is absolutely no ground for the insinuation of "corruption."

The slips inevitable to a British or foreign writer on American subjects sometimes occur. The franchise in the Massachusetts colony was not conditioned on accepting "a complex theological creed," for there were no such creeds here in 1631. Boston was not bombarded from Dorchester Heights. There was no such place as "Suffolk near Boston," though Boston is in Suffolk County. This writer, Mr. Doyle, of Oxford, is well supported by modern American writers in his estimate of Samuel Adams, and in his judgment that the revolting colonies were not goaded by tyranny into rebellion. On a subsequent page Professor Wendell, of Harvard, sustains this judgment, and assigns the cause of the Revolution much more judiciously than our Fourth of July orators. But it is a far cry from page 155 to page 730, and Mr. Doyle would have strengthened himself with the general reader by some citation of educated American opinion. A copious bibliography is appended to this volume, and the vast amount of details which it embodies is made available for reference by a full index. It is a work indispensable to every well-furnished library.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adventures of Dorothy (The). By Jocelyn Lewis. Illustrated. The Outlook Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 189 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Agnostic's Apology and Other Essays (An). By Sir Leslie Stephen, K.C.B. (Second Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 367 pages. $2.

It is rarely the case that sporadic essays bound together make a book of any considerable philosophical or scientific value. The present collection is no exception to the rule. The book is disappointing. The agnostic's apology is furnished by contrasting Agnosticism with what the author calls Gnosticism, and for his illustration of this he takes the crudest forms of a mechanical pseudo-orthodoxy, if indeed he does not travesty even those. If he has ever read Martineau, or Erskine, or Robertson of England, or Bushnell, Beecher, or Brooks of America, there is certainly no indication that he has apprehended their meaning. We doubt whether he has ever read the four Gospels; he certainly has never studied them. He who wishes to know what modern Agnosticism is will find it much more rationally interpreted in the writings of Huxley or Harrison than in this volume of partisan essays.

Among the Great Masters of the Drama. By Walter Rowlands. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 233 pages. $1.20.

In the justly popular "Great Masters Series" the sixth volume, which has now made its appearance, has to do with "Great Masters of the Drama." The title is a misnomer. While the text includes critical estimates of such dramatists as Shakespeare, Molière, and Voltaire, these are treated rather as actors, as are, of course, Garrick, Talma, Kean, Macready, Forrest, Rachel, Ristori, Salvini, Booth, McCullough, Henry Irving, Coquelin, Sarah Bernhardt, and others. The text is vivacious in manner and very informative in matter; it is accompanied by thirty-two half-tone reproductions of famous pictures representing scenes in the lives of distinguished dramatists and actors. Mr. Rowlands has apparently steered clear

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of any footlight gossip concerning contemporary stage favorites. His text is of such a solid nature as to make his volume valuable as a reference-book.

Apples of Gold: A Book of Selected Verse. By Clara Bancroft Beatley. The American Unitarian Association, Boston. 5½×8 in. 186 pages. $1, net.

Art of the Italian Renaissance: A Handbook for Students and Travelers. Translated from the German of Heinrich Wölfflin. With a Prefatory Note by Sir Walter Armstrong. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 290 pages. $2.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe (The). The Best Poems and Essays of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by Sherwin Cody. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in. $1 per vol.

Black Shilling (The). By Amelia E. Barr. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 350 pages. $1.50.

This very pretty love story has its beginning in the Boston of Old and crosses the sea to the Boston of New England, to run its course to a happy conclusion even amid the somber horrors of witchcraft times in the latter environment. Mrs. Barr is always successful in creating historical atmosphere, and in this tale not only well-imagined but real characters, including Increase and Cotton Mather, are introduced with telling effect.

Bunch of Keys (A). By Margaret Johnson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 9½×8 in. 74 pages. $1, net.

Calderon's Prisoner. By Alice Duer Miller. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 294 pages. $1.50.

New York and Newport and Central America are the scenes set for the two love dramas in this volume. Both stories are entertaining; but that this author's heroines are always of one pattern is a criticism that naturally suggests itself as one reads.

Chasm (The). By Reginald Wright Kauffman and Edward Childs Carpenter. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 302 pages. $1.50.

We could wish that the pleasant Irishman who is the hero of this political story were typical of the party "boss" he is supposed to represent.

Checked Love Affair and the Cortelyou Feud (A). By Paul Leicester Ford. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 113 pages. $2.

An attractive holiday book, with five beautiful full-page photogravures and elaborate page decorations containing two humorous, slightly satirical sketches of New York social life, with the light touch characteristic of Mr. Ford's short stories.

Children of the Tenements. By Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 387 pages. $1.50.

Those who have wondered how Mr. Riis could keep his sunny optimism and cheery faith in human nature through twenty-five years of police reporting will find an explanation in this volume, which shows bravery and helpfulness ever in evidence through the wretchedness of East Side alley and tenement. All the stories are true—Mr. Riis disclaims the power of invention, and gives them as they came to him, fresh from the people. The tales of the rescues by firemen stir one's blood, and "The Little Dollar's Christmas Journey" and "The Rent Baby" are not soon forgotten.

Corona Song Book (The): A Choice Collection of Choruses Designed for the Use of High Schools, Grammar Schools, Academies, and Seminaries. Selected, Compiled, and Arranged by William C. Hoff. Ginn & Co., Boston. 7×11 in. 362 pages. $1. (Postage, 20c.)

Daughter of a Magnate (The). By Frank H. Spearman. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 273 pages.

Mr. Spearman returns to a subject he has made peculiarly his own—the life and work of the railroad man. The main incidents of this story abound in "thrill" and really do stir the blood of the reader. The author writes with the fullest knowledge of the dangers and possibilities of railroad experiences in a mountainous country, and he has deftly woven exciting escapes and heroic acts into an entertaining love tale.

Diversions of a Book-Lover (The). By Adrian H. Joline. Harper & Bros., New York. 6×9 in. 323 pages. $3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America (The). Illustrated. In 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in.

Reserved for later notice.

Eighty Drawings, including the "Weaker Sex." By Charles Dana Gibson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 17×12 in. 76 pages. $4.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Elements of the Theory of Integers. By Joseph Bowden, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 258 pages.

Everyman: A Morality Play. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Illustrated. The J. F. Taylor Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 69 pages. $1.

This slender volume presents the text of "Everyman" in the old spelling, with numerous interesting illustrations of the play as it was rendered in this country last winter, and with an elaborate introduction, filling fully half the volume, on the predecessors of "Everyman," a study of the development of the drama through the ritual of the Church, elaborated more and more to meet the dramatic instincts of the people and to give vividness and pictorial effect to the teaching of the Church. Mr. Moses's treatment is thorough and minute. He traces the development of the English play from the services of the Church through the Mysteries and Miracle plays to the Moralities, with illustrations from the different plays and comments on the methods of presentation, the character of the acting, attitude of the audience, and other matters of interest.

Fireside Child-Study. By Patterson Dubois. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 159 pages. 60c., net.

This little book deserves welcome at every fireside that is blessed with little children. The first part points out the common mistakes of parents; the second, "The Fire-

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side Court of Inquiry," introduces a series of cases, some of them historic, for illustration of the principles and practice involved in "the art of being fair and kind."

Flight for Life (A); and an Inside View of Mongolia. By James Hudson Roberts. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5¼×8 in. 402 pages. $1.50.

The Rev. Mr. Roberts's "flight" was from impending massacre at Tungchau and Peking, in 1900, to Kalgan, across the desert of Gobi to Urga and thence to Kiakta close to the Siberian frontier, and finally into Siberia, in which he says he found as much freedom as in America. Aside from the author's picturesque personal experiences in crossing Mongolia, he tells us much about the people, land, religion, and customs of the descendants of Kublai Khan.

Forest Hearth (A). By Charles Major. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 354 pages. $1.50.

Country life in Indiana in its earlier and rougher days is described in Mr. Major's new romance. The spelling-school, the rude rivalry of rustic suitors, the homely heartiness of neighbor with neighbor, the hard struggle to win a living from the soil, the genial optimism of those who foresee the future development of the region, the play of love and jealousy, which is strong as on the stage of more sophisticated civilization—all this and much more is brought out graphically. The plot is in some points a little strained and sensational, and the characters talk a little too volubly, but it must be admitted that in his own way the author does endow his men and women with decided reality.

Fortunes of Fifi (The). By Molly Elliott Seawell. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×7½ in. 239 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

French Reader Arranged for Beginners in Preparatory Schools and Colleges (A). By Fred Davis Aldrich, A.B., and Irving Lysander Foster, A.M. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 304 pages. 50c. (Postage, 5c.)

Fundamentals of Child Study. By Edwin A. Kirkpatrick, B.S., M.Ph. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 384 pages. $1.25.

While books on child study are numerous, there is room for such a presentation as this of the outlines of the new science, and of the fundamental truths it embodies, together with their practical implications. The author, an experienced teacher in a Massachusetts Normal School, has planned it for the use both of students and of parents. The questions propounded to readers at the close of the successive chapters are a specially valuable feature of the book, which deserves recognition as a work of high merit and utility.

Geographic Influences in American History. By Albert Perry Brigham, A.M., F.G.S.A. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 366 pages. $1.25. (Postage, 15c.)

That geographical conditions have determined the historical development of nations is the familiar truth underlying the interesting presentation of it in the concrete case and cases furnished by our country as a whole, and by its several regions. Professor Brigham deals largely both in geography and in history, general and local, up to date, and brings the reader to face the problems of adjustment to national conditions which such a study of national development finds us facing to-day. His work, copiously furnished with illustrations and maps, ranks among the more important of the current year.

Golden Rod Fairy Book (The). Selected and Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated in Color by Charles Buckles Falls. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 342 pages. $1.60, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Gospel of Matthew (The): An Exposition. By A. C. Gaebelein. Vol. I. The Gospel Publishing House, New York. 5½×8 in. 304 pages.

Green Satin Gown (The). By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 225 pages. 75c., net.

Stories for girls, not without interest, but lacking the charm of the author's "Golden Windows," published a few weeks ago.

Handy World Atlas and Gazetteer (The). Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 3¾×6 in. 160 pages. 40c., net.

Immortality of Animals (The). By E. D. Buckner, M.D. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8 in. 291 pages. $1.25, net.

Dr. Buckner writes in a lovable sympathy with animals, and inculcates their right to sympathy and humane treatment. Beyond this we cannot follow one who thinks that the first sin of man "caused the fall of all living beings from primeval peace and happiness," and that the Hebrew term applied in Genesis to animals (translated in our Bibles "living creature") properly means a "living soul," and therefore "of course an immortal soul."

In a Brazilian Jungle. By Claude H. Wetmore. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 314 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 15c.)

The drama of this story develops from contact of certain American and English residents of Brazil with a mysterious native planter. Incidentally the book gives much interesting information concerning the great coffee industry of South America.

In Childhood Land. By Margaret Page. Illustrated by Katharine H. Greenland. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O. 9×11½ in. 108 pages. $1.25.

Introduction of Comedy into the City Dionysia (The). By Edward Capps. (Decennial Publications. Reprint from Vol. VI.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8½×11 in. 30 pages.

Jane and John. By Elizabeth Polhemus. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 326 pages. $1.50, net.

All about the plays, parties, picnics, and pets of two merry little children—Jane seven, and John five.

John Greenleaf Whittier. By George Rice Carpenter. (American Men of Letters.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 311 pages. $1.10, net.

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Jewel Story Book. By Florence A. Evans. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron. 6×7½ in. 102 pages. 60c.

Laboratory Physics: A Student's Manual for Colleges and Scientific Schools. By Dayton Clarence Miller, D.Sc. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 403 pages. $2. (15c.)

Life of Edwin Wallace Parker, D.D. (The). By J. H. Messmore. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 333 pages. $1, net.

Bishop Parker, of the Methodist Church, devoted his life from 1859 to 1901 to missionary work in India. Besides the interest attaching to the record of a noble career the volume gives insight into the practical working and the perplexing problems of that missionary field.

Life of Leo XIII. By Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., L.D., D.Lit. Illustrated. In 2 vols. The John C. Winston Co., Chicago. 6×9¼ in.

These volumes comprise an enlargement to two portly volumes of Monsignor O'Reilly's capital "Life of the Late Pope" already favorably noticed in these columns. In this new edition the binding is particularly substantial, artistic, and dignified, as befits the exalted subject of the biography.

Life of Voltaire (The). By S. G. Tallentyre. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. In 2 vols. 5½×8½ in. $6.

Reserved for later notice.

Literary Guillotine (The). John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 262 pages. $1, net.

An excellent example of the danger of trying to be sprightly and ironical at great length. Some of the hits at literary celebrities are clever enough, and there is no real viciousness in the satire, but one wearies of the constant straining to say smart things.

Little Joan. By John Strange Winter. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 334 pages. $1.25.

Little Queen (The). By Eva Madden. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 240 pages. 85c., net. (Postage, 10c.)

This narrative of the life of the little French princess Isabella, daughter of Charles VI. and child-wife to Richard II. of England, is put into the mouth of a countrywoman of hers, who relates it as she had it of her great-aunt sitting at her embroidery each day of a girlhood visit to this relative, who had been, when herself a child, lady-in-waiting to the little Queen.

Love Stories from Real Life. By Mildred Champagne. The C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 222 pages.

Crude, lurid, and impossible.

Macbeth. Edited by George Smith, M.A. Illustrated. (Temple School Shakespeare.) Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 196 pages. 50c., net.

Marriage de Gérard (Le). By André Theuriet. With Explanatory Notes in English by Ralph Emerson Bassett. William R. Jenkins, New York. 5×7½ in. 285 pages. 60c.

Merry Hearts. By Anne Story Allen. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 227 pages. 75c.

A clever bit of portraiture—two bachelor girls in New York, their characters, their friends, their *ménage*. A pleasant little tale is told about them, with humor that is really amusing and pathos genuinely pathetic.

Mother Goose and Others in Wall Street. By Bond Mann. Illustrated. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 24 pages. 25c., net.

My Wonderful Visit. By Elizabeth Hill. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 270 pages. $1.20, net.

Ocean Mystery (An). By Caroline Earle White. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 260 pages. $1.25.

The same mystery which has figured in a thousand tales: a child washed up in a shipwreck, and growing into a beautiful maiden in the home of loving foster parents, with no clue to her identity save a tiny red mark on her cheek.

Old London Silver: Its History, Its Makers, and Its Marks. By Montague Howard. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8×11 in. 405 pages. $12.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Outlook Fairy Book for Little People (The). By Laura Winnington. Illustrated. The Outlook Co., New York. 7×9½ in. 313 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 23c. extra.)

Reserved for later notice.

Pilgrimage to Bible Lands (A): Historical Notes and Reflections on Scenes and Places Visited. By Andrew Gray, D.D. Illustrated. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5×7½ in. 178 pages. $1.25, net.

Amid the multiplying books of this sort the present volume, such is its brevity and its intentness on the things that intelligent travelers most desire to see, seems well adapted to serve as a guide-book.

Poems. By Josephine Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 73 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Poems of Tennyson. Chosen and Edited by Henry van Dyke and D. Laurance Chambers, A.M. (Athenæum Press Series.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 490 pages.

Pool in the Desert (The). By Mrs. Everhard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 318 pages. $1.50.

Four vivid short stories, in which, without the cheap cynicism indulged in by certain other writers on the same theme, Mrs. Cotes conveys an equally sorrowful criticism of Anglo-Indian social life.

Progressive Arithmetic (The). Part I., II., III. By Wilbur F. Nichols, A.M. Illustrated. Thompson, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×7¾ in.

Public Speaking: A Treatise on Delivery, with Selections for Declaiming. By Edwin Dubois Shurter. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5×7½ in. 257 pages. $1.

This seems to us to be a particularly well selected and arranged collection of excerpts for public speaking, preceded by chapters dealing with the nature and basis of public speaking, the management of the voice, the importance of pronunciation, enunciation, emphasis, inflection, and other equally suggestive topics. These selections naturally deal largely with public problems, the duties of American citizenship, and the nature of patriotism.

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Raiding with Morgan. By Byron A. Dunn. (The Young Kentuckians Series.) A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 334 pages. $1.25.

Robin Hood: His Book. By Eva March Tappan. Illustrated by Charlotte Harding. Little, Brown & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 267 pages. $1.50, net.

Once more the Robin Hood legends are told in prose. None of the many adaptations of the old ballads seem to us likely to afford as much real pleasure to an imaginative child as did the somewhat simplified and modernized but still racy and semi-ancient ballads which men of middle age remember to have seen printed in the old English "Penny Magazine." The present rendering is fairly vivacious, and the author may be praised for her recognition of the spirit and quality of the original legends. The book is capitally printed, and we have no doubt will prove a particularly welcome gift for boys.

Sanctuary. By Edith Wharton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8½ in. 184 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Savonarola: With Other Addresses on Civic Righteousness. By E. L. Powell, LL.D. Sheltman & Co., Louisville, Kentucky. 5¼×8 in. 156 pages.

She That Hesitates. By Harris Dickson. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×7½ in. 404 pages. $1.50.

A novel of more power than pleasantness, portraying the struggles of a German princess married to a Russian tsarevitch, and true to the hated bond, though she loves a French soldier of fortune, who serves her faithfully.

Socrates: Plato's Apology of Socrates and Crito, with a Part of his Phaedo. Translated from the Greek by Benjamin Jowett. (Thumb-Nail Series.) The Century Co., New York. 2¾×5 in. 137 pages. $1.

Sonnets and a Dream. By William Reed Huntington. (Second Edition.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 104 pages. $1.

Souter's Lamp (The). By Hector MacGregor. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 272 pages. $1.50.

Spirit of the Service (The). By Edith Elmer Wood. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 334 pages. $1.50.

There have been many stories dealing with the social life of the army, but we do not remember to have seen before one relating in the same way to the navy. The title of the book admirably expresses the intention of the author to bring into relief that fine spirit of comradeship and of patriotism which pervades the American navy. Moreover, the story itself has life and fun. It includes an incidental description of the naval fight at Manila, but in the main it is not to be classed with historical novels. In two or three well-drawn characters the author brings out graphically well-known and interesting types of naval officers. It should be added that the element of romance is by no means neglected.

Star Fairies and Other Fairy Tales (The). By Edith Ogden Harrison. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 7½×10 in. 128 pages. $1.25, net.

Graceful tales, with illustrations in color.

Stevensoniana. Edited by J. A. Hammerton. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 350 pages. $4.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Studies in the Art of Illustration: Pictures of Truth from the Newspapers, Science, and the Round of Daily Life, for the Use of Preachers, Sunday-School Teachers, Prayer-Meeting Speakers, and for all Readers. By Amos R. Wells. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 240 pages. $1.25, net.

Study of the Occasional Offices of the Prayer-Book (A). By Edward William Worthington. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 3½×6 in. 96 pages. 50c.

Sword of Wayne (The). By Charles S. Wood. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5¼×7¾ in. 370 pages. $1.20, net.

A stirring juvenile romance of our early West, full of Indians and fighting in which historical as well as fictitious characters take part in a mingling of real and imaginary events.

Tale of Squirrel Nutkin (The). By Beatrix Potter. Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 85 pages. 50c.

Their Child. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 95 pages. 50c.

Reserved for later notice.

Three Girls of Hazelmere. By Ellen Douglas-Deland. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 360 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 15c.)

This is a pleasant relation of the experience of three young American girls who spend a winter together in foreign travel.

To-Morrow's Tangle. By Geraldine Bonner. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×7½ in. 458 pages.

This story holds the attention throughout. It deals with California life in the early fifties and opens dramatically: an emigrant, turned Mormon, barters off his first wife and his tiny babe to a miner for two horses. Years after, when he has become enormously wealthy and his baby daughter, ignorant of her parentage, has grown into a beautiful and gifted woman, he plans to send her abroad to study, under guise of a patron of music, but dies before he accomplishes his purpose. In the end Mariposa wisely gives up her "career," and is content to be a prima donna with an audience of one in a cabin high up in the Sierras.

Two Boys and a Dog. By Charles P. Chipman. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron. 5×7½ in. 272 pages. $1.

Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena with General Baron Gourgaud, together with the Journal kept by Gourgaud on their Journey from St. Helena. Translated by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 292 pages. $1.50.

Baron Gourgaud accompanied Napoleon on his flight after the battle of Waterloo and shared with him his captivity at St. Helena. He kept a careful record of Napoleon's talks, which was published in 1898 in two volumes comprising 1,200 pages. This volume of 280 pages is a selection from the larger work. To all who are interested in Napoleonic literature or the study of Napo-

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leon's enigmatical character it will be full of interest. To others it ought to be interesting because it reports so many and so significant utterances of a man who was no less a genius in speech than in action, and as full of surprises in conversation as in diplomacy or on the battlefield. We quote a few illustrative sentences to indicate the flavor of a very suggestive volume of fragments: "A constitution is not wanted in France. France is essentially a monarchical country. I mean that it does not need deliberative assemblies."—"Armies are essentially monarchical, and you will see the same [imperial] spirit gaining in England."—"Any man who sentences another man to death without hearing his defense deserves death himself. . . . Blood calls for blood."—"In one of these [bread riots] I found myself, with my chief of staff, passing along a street filled with rioters. An immensely stout woman stepped forward and began to abuse me, calling me an *épaulettier*. I turned to the mob and asked them which of us two seemed to have the most right to complain of famine. At this the crowd burst into a hearty laugh and dispersed."—"The sheiks always told me that if I wished to establish myself in Egypt as a patriarch, the French army must assume the turban and turn Mohammedan. That was my own intention, but I would not take the step until I was sure it would succeed."—"Russia is on the way to acquire universal dominion, now that there is no longer any France and the balance of power is broken."—"They [Americans] are nothing but shopkeepers; their glory is in their wealth." These sentences are taken almost at haphazard from the pages of a book full of equally suggestive sentences.

Tea Table Talk. By Jerome K. Jerome. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 153 pages. $1.

There is not a little liveliness in these fugitive bits of talk, and sometimes Mr Jerome lays aside his main intention of amusing for the more serious purpose of suggesting principles of right and wrong in the social world. As an entertaining book the volume will hardly take its place with Mr. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," but nevertheless it has a worth of its own of a different kind.

Twelve Letters to My Son. By G. J. F., D.D., Ph.D. The Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia. 5×7 in. 193 pages. 75c., net.

The author's aim is to set forth Swedenborg's method of interpreting the Bible as essentially "a symbolic, allegoric, parabolic book," conveying spiritual lessons under the veil of words not to be literally understood.

Unpublished Essay of Edwards on the Trinity (An): With Remarks on Edwards and his Theology. By George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8½ in. 142 pages. $1.25, net.

The publication of this Essay at the bi-centenary anniversary of Edwards's birth proves him to have been in closer accord with the fundamental positions of the Nicene theology than some of his disciples have, without good reason, suspected. Rather the larger part of the volume is devoted to an exposition, in Professor Fisher's lucid style, of the salient characteristics of Edwards's theology.

Ultimate Conceptions of Faith. By George A. Gordon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 399 pages. $1.30, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Varied Types. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 269 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Way to the West (The). By Emerson Hough. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×7½ in. 446 pages.

Mr. Hough describes for us the lives of three early Americans, Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, and Kit Carson. Incidentally we learn much about early path-finding and path-making across the Alleghanies and then to the Pacific. In a final chapter Mr. Hough discusses the way across the Pacific beyond which lies our new West.

William Makepeace Thackeray. By Charles Whibley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 253 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

With Fremont the Pathfinder. By John H. Whitson. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 320 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 15c.)

This stirring tale describes a boy's adventures in the train of John C. Fremont on his third expedition across the Rockies.

Wi-Yu. By Mrs. H. S. Caswell-Broad. Thomas Todd, 802 Congregational House, Boston. 3¼×5¼ in. 8 pages. 3c. per copy. $2 per hundred.

The simpleness with which this little story shows how a child's love for her teacher can become love for Christ has already given it wide popularity. Thirty thousand copies in English have been issued, as well as translations into French and Spanish.

Woman's Library (The). Vol. IV. **Some Arts and Crafts.** Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 327 pages. $1.50, net.

Of especial interest in this volume are the articles on wood-carving and the unfamiliar art of enameling.

Wood-Carving Design and Workmanship. By George Jack. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 311 pages. $1.40, net. (Postage, 14c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Year's Festivals (The). By Helen Philbrook Patten. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 270 pages. $1, net.

Young Heroes of Wire and Rail. By Alvah Milton Kerr. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 382 pages. $1, net.

The dedication of this book "to the young railroad men of America, and to every person who heroically strives to do his duty," suggestively supplements a title that is justified by the stories within its covers. The main incident of each is said to be founded on fact, in the spirited relation of which the author has produced a very entertaining book.

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Correspondence

The Public Schools

I.—NECESSITY FOR FORMAL RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have been interested in your position on the subject of religious instruction in the public schools, and recognize that you take the ideal position in this matter, as in all others which you discuss—the peculiar fact which makes your paper so valuable and me your loyal subscriber.

It *is* impossible to teach religion; it must be imparted. There must be the teacher with the religious vibration and the pupil attuned to receive. Christ was the ideal teacher, but his imparting of the religious spirit fell successfully on only a paltry proportion of those with whom he came in contact. For the rest, if they were to be guided at all by his teachings, it must be through the spirit made intelligible in forms and doctrines.

We have ideals in the teaching of English, or the classics, or the sciences. We hope by bringing the pupil in contact with the rich minds of the world to rouse him to go forth and by hard work also become rich. But for the great majority the teaching of English can never be more than the learning by heart of rules of rhetoric, or quotations from the best authors, or opinions of great men on other great men—either to be forgotten when learned or to be quoted off with ready tongue. The classics with them can never mean more than the four books of Cæsar, the routine Cicero and Virgil, while their science but contributes its quota of facts to the lumber-room. When we compare these results with the love of knowledge which it was hoped to impart, we are ready to agree with your conclusions in matters of religion, that this also cannot be taught, but must be imparted, and therefore would fain resign our work to such teachers so imbued that they must impart, and would restrict the pupils to those who can be imparted unto.

A few beings in the ministry, and a few in the teaching profession, and a few outside of both, have the gift of imparting the religious spirit. A few in the pews, and a few in the school-room, and a few outside of both, have the gift of understanding. For the rest, in matters of religion as of intellect, imitation, reliance on authority, and conformance to environment must suffice. Those like yourself, who are able to discriminate between the real and the imitation in intellectual matters, and who appreciate human nature in the large as it is, are not yet ready to abolish English literature, or the classics, or the sciences because of the paucity of our results in proportion to our efforts, knowing that we are giving the youth a summary of the best culture that the world has produced. Likewise in religious instruction, until in the course of our spiritual evolution enough teachers can be produced who can subtly impart the religious spirit, it is a dangerous experiment meanwhile to deprive our youth of a summary of the best that the world has yet produced in the way of religion.

J. H. B.

II.—THEIR ETHICAL WORK DEFENDED

To the Editors of The Outlook.

With an experience of more than twenty years in the administration of public-school affairs, I was amazed at the assertion attributed to the Rev. Mr. Geer, as quoted and discussed in The Outlook. If the State has any duty of far-reaching importance and of benefit, it is the power of protection, and no protection for the welfare of the people can be offered equal to that which provides for the education of a rising generation in every quarter of its territory: the children gathered from homes, no matter how poor, are taught first obedience to the rules and mandates of the school. This single idea alone implanted forbids the truth of Mr. Geer's statement of lawlessness engendered. So far as I ever witnessed in the aim or the work accomplished in the public school, it was that of uplifting the intelligence and quality of the growing youth, and

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nothing could be more foreign to its outcome than that of the lawlessness and woeful havoc which the good man so mistakenly ascribes to the work of the public school. If there is one element of strength in our country above another that is exerting a positive beneficial influence, it is the public school. So far as I have knowledge of the efforts made by the multitude of instructors employed, and of the system itself, they are entirely different from the views expressed by the clergyman quoted.

BENJAMIN HAMMOND.

Fishkill-on-Hudson, New York.

Home Rule and Local Self-Government

To the Editors of The Outlook:

May I give some reasons why "the people of New York, in Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, or any other city, should not have the same right to determine whether liquor may be sold at all, when it may be sold, that is exercised by the people of the rural districts"?

I should not presume to write, but you ask for your readers' opinions upon the subject. Your plea is for local option. In the broad sense, is there any such thing? Only by comparison. Just as there is nothing old, excepting by comparison. You fling aside a daily paper as "old." It has been printed one day. You ask if that person is old? No, he is only three hundred and sixty-five days old—a baby. Is this country old? No, only forty-six thousand three hundred and fifty five days old. An infant compared with Europe. Are the pyramids old? Compare them with the tertiary period, and make answer. Is there such a thing as local option? I cannot find it, any more than anything really old. If I live in Maine, I may resent the idea of being told by a majority of the people of the whole State that I must not drink liquor when I please; so a law is made giving the control to the county, and the pleader for local option is better pleased. But I live in Bangor, and cannot see why the rural population should have jurisdiction over me, when so many of my townsmen wish to drink with me. So the law is changed to apply only to the city; and at last we have local option; but have we? In Boston the residents of one ward are greatly exercised in mind because the majority of the whole population vote persistently for the saloon and thus make it possible for liquor to be sold out in their beautiful suburban locality, where there is a large majority against selling. They wish local option to mean ward option, and with good reason, for they do not want their quiet haven of rest marred by the products of the saloon. Bnt immediately some of the residents in the lower parts of the ward object to being dictated to by the majority in the upper sections, and want liberty to drink in their own locality, independently of the better element, higher up. Why not, in justice to their demands, cut the ward into sections? And if so, what right have my neighbors in the next street to prohibit me and my neighbors in our own street from enjoying ourselves when we please? And, to narrow it down still further, why should my next-door neighbor have any right to say whether or not I shall drink when I please? And, to reduce it to the last extremity, the members of my family ought not to object if I make "locality" mean my own room, in distinction from the other rooms of the house.

So we see "locality" means nothing, excepting by comparison, ranging from the United States compared with the world, or one State with the country, or the East with the West, or one county with the whole State, or a town with the county, or a ward with a city, or one street with the next, or one house with another, or one room in that house with all the others.

If "local option," therefore, cannot be reduced to a definite, scientific term, as I think I have proved, it seems to me that the rational course to take in regard to government is to make it comparative also, and, if there is an unruly member of the family who cannot be prevented from doing mischief, to call in the neighbors. If one section of a street is a terror to the rest of the residents, call in the ward rulers. If the Tenderloin district is a disgrace to the city, put it under control of the mayor and police of the whole town. If, as in New York, there is a large foreign element of igno-

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rant, depraved people being constantly re-enforced by floods of immigrants who do not understand our laws or customs, and who become willing tools in the hands of the ward bosses, and who are so numerous as to outvote the better element, then it would look as if the "locality" would still have to be extended to the county, and you have your answer as to "why the people in New York, Albany, Rochester, etc., should not have the same right to determine whether liquor may be sold at all as the people of the rural districts." They have the same right, always subject to their ability to keep themselves from becoming objectionable to their neighbors or the community at large.

If the rural community cannot help making themselves a nuisance to the civilized portion, then the government must revert to the State. If the State finds itself powerless, then the United States must step in; and when one nation cannot keep the peace, the other nations must take affairs in hand, and, as in the late unpleasantness with Spain, free Cuba from her intolerable bondage. I have not tried to make an argument against local government of New York City, nor in favor of State prohibition, but have simply endeavored to place the whole subject upon a broader, more comprehensive basis, so that all phases of government may be seen to exist for the purpose of providing the "greatest good for the greatest number for the longest time." WILLIAM I. HOWELL.

[This really means that whenever the city thinks the ward government is bad it shall govern the ward, whenever the State thinks the city or county or town government is bad it shall govern the city, county, or town, and, by a parity of reasoning, whenever the Nation thinks the State government is bad it shall govern the State. That is, it means the abolition of all local self-government. We stand for the principle that each locality in a self-governing democracy shall be the final judge of what is best in all those matters which concern chiefly its own interests, and only remotely and indirectly the interest of other localities; and this is the American principle, and one which differentiates it from the governments of the Old World.—THE EDITORS.]

The Death-Rate in New York

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Referring to the article on page 481 in The Outlook for October 31, I respectfully submit that the death rates for the old city of New York—that is, the present Borough of Manhattan—were, from 1895 to 1901, inclusive, as follows:

DEATH-RATE, OLD CITY OF NEW YORK

1895	23.18
1896	21.84
1897	20.03
1898	20.46
1899	19.81
1900	21.04
1901	20.66

In view of the fact that the death-rate of 23.18 in 1895 was reduced to 20.03 in 1897, and that the death-rate of 1898 was 20.46 while that of 1901 was 20.66, it would hardly appear to me that your deduction is justifiable. I do not wish to be understood as claiming any credit for the reduction in the death-rate in the years 1902 and 1903 so far as the summer months are concerned. It might be shown, however, that the reduction in the remaining nine months of the year has been less pronounced in the last two years as compared with the four years which preceded.

ERNST J. LEDERLE, President.

City of New York, Department of Health, Office of the Commissioner of Health.

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